HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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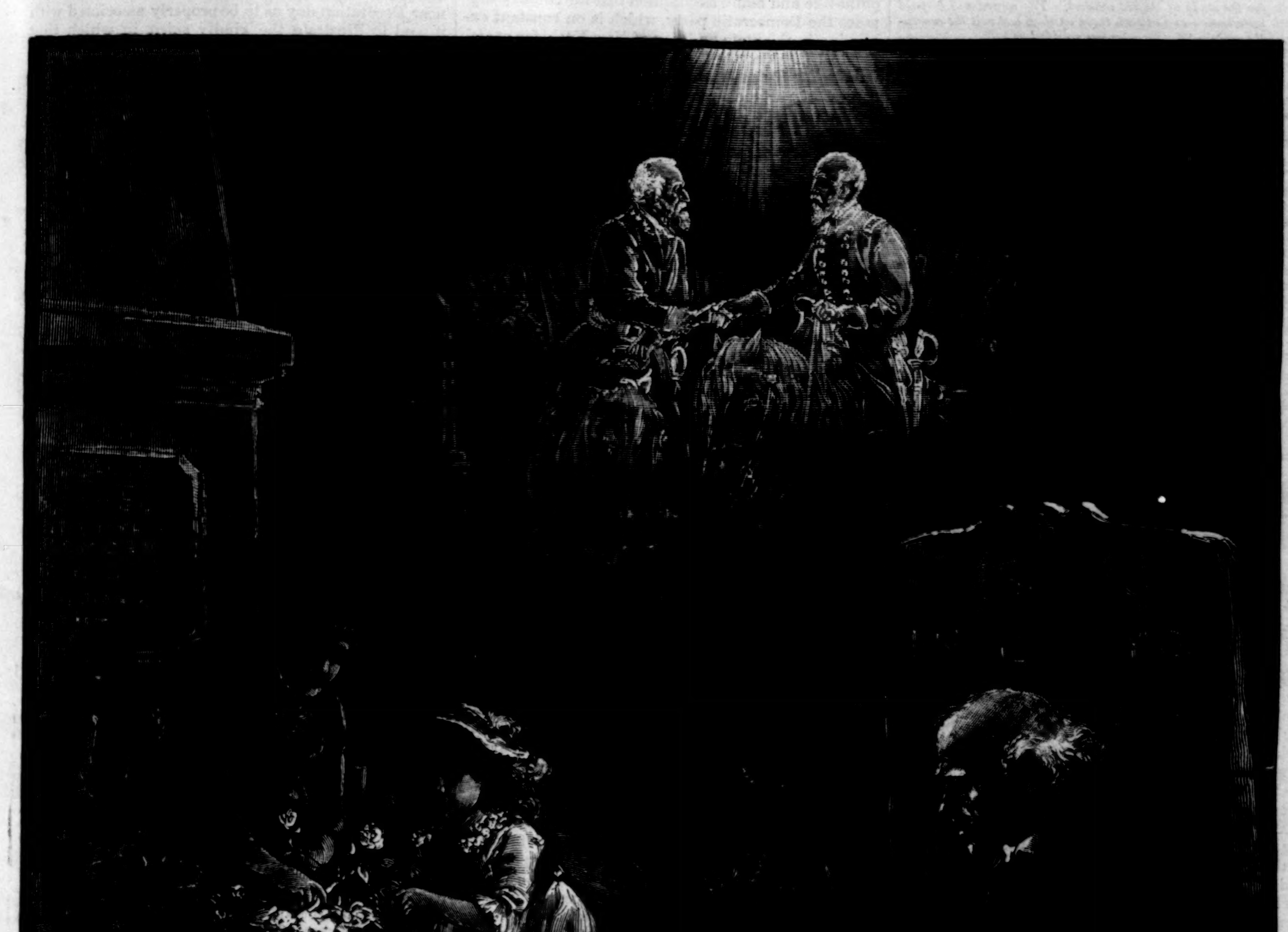


DECORATION-DAY.—From a Sketch by J. F. Eaton.—[See Poem on Page 342.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, June 2, 1883.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

AN OFFER TO YOUNG AMERICAN ARTISTS.

For the best original drawing to illustrate Alfred Domett's "Christmas Hymn"—*the drawing to be suitable for publication in* Harper's Magazine, *and to be the exclusive work of an American artist not over twenty-five years of age*—Messrs. Harper & Brothers *offer an award of* THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS, *upon the honorable understanding that the successful competitor shall use the same for the prosecution of art study in one or more of the best American schools, including also a sojourn abroad of at least six months for the study of the old masters. The award will be paid in such installments and at such times as shall best suit the convenience of the recipient for the purposes specified.*

The drawings must be received by Messrs. Harper & Brothers *not later than August* 1, 1883, *addressed* "Art Competition, Harper's Magazine, Franklin Square, New York"; *and each must be designated by an assumed name or motto, which should also be given, together with the real name, age, and residence of the artist, in a sealed envelope accompanying the drawings, and not to be opened until the result of the competition shall have been determined. The name of the successful competitor will not be publicly announced until the publication of the drawing.*

Mr. R. Swain Gifford, N.A.; Mr. F. D. Millet, A.N.A.; *and* Mr. Charles Parsons, A.N.A., *Superintendent of the Art Department,* Harper & Brothers, *will act as judges of the competition.*

It is intended to engrave the successful drawing as one page for Harper's Magazine *of December*, 1883; *and should other drawings submitted be found suitable, second, third, and fourth awards will be made, as follows: one page* Harper's Weekly, $300; *one page* Harper's Bazar, $200; *one page* Harper's Young People, $100.

If the judges should decide that no one of the drawings is suitable, Messrs. Harper & Brothers *reserve the right to extend the limit of time and re-open the competition.*

Two Christmas Hymns by Alfred Domett *have been published. That published in* 1837 *is the one for the illustration of which artists are invited to compete, and a printed copy of it will be sent on application to*

HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, New York.

NEW ILLUSTRATED SERIAL.

The next number of Harper's Weekly *will present the opening chapters of a new and beautifully illustrated Serial Story, entitled*

"THIRLBY HALL,"

by W. E. Norris, *author of* "*Matrimony,*" "*Mdlle. De Mersac,*" "*No New Thing,*" "*Heaps of Money,*" *etc.*

THE FIRST GUN.

THE action of the late Democratic Convention in Kentucky is very significant. It is "the first gun" of the campaign of 1884, and it foretells undoubtedly the general character of the contest. Kentucky is the State of Senator Beck, of Representative Carlisle, and of Editor Watterson. Mr. Beck is the free-trade leader in the Senate, Mr. Carlisle the free-trade candidate for Speaker of the House, and Mr. Watterson the conductor of the most uncompromising free-trade Democratic journal in the country. All of them are accepted leaders of the Democratic party, and in the Convention Mr. Watterson made an appeal for a positive free-trade declaration in the platform, and he understands as well as any man the value of the first gun. But all was in vain. The Convention refused to make the declaration, and contented itself with the usual platform platitudes, which are intended to mean anything or nothing. The conclusion is that the distinguished gentlemen whom we have mentioned do not even represent the Democratic position of their own State upon the question, and that free trade will not be a practical issue in the campaign. This view is confirmed by the action of the Republican Convention, which made a similar non-committal platform. The action of the Kentucky Conventions confirms what we have already said, that it is not easy to adjust old parties to new issues.

The meaning of the phrase that parties grow and are not made is simply this, that men will adhere to their old parties, from habit and pride and tradition and association, until a new question appears which interests them so strongly as to make them willing to break all old party ties. That such ties have been much relaxed for some years is well known, and the extraordinary election of last year showed how ready the public mind was for the formation of a new party, if there were any question which was generally felt to be of transcendent importance. The fact that no new organization has arisen upon the free-trade question is conclusive proof that that question has not yet advanced so far as to be of primary importance in the public mind. It shows that free-traders in the two parties still prefer to remain with their old parties rather than to combine in a new party. The action of Congress demonstrated that it was administrative reform rather than revenue reform which was believed to be imperatively demanded. The free-trade view, indeed, had very few cordial supporters in either House, and the conduct of the discussion in the party press since Congress adjourned has revealed no positive disposition to deal radically with the subject.

It is fair, therefore, to assume that the National Conventions will treat the question as vaguely as the Kentucky Conventions have treated it. In that case the Democratic party will decide to contest the election, not upon any policy or principle, but simply upon its general character. The voter, whatever view he may hold of revenue reform, of civil service reform, of a financial policy, of a foreign policy, or of any other subject, will be called upon simply to say with which party, upon the whole, he would prefer to trust the control of the government until some real question reconstructs parties. It is hardly possible that in such a situation the country would prefer the Democratic party, and resort to change for the mere sake of change. The Kentucky Democratic action is the announcement that Democratic reliance is to be placed upon the general cry of Republican corruption and extravagance. But when it comes to a mere comparative claim of this kind, it is a most child-like and bland assumption that the country supposes the Democratic party, which is on constant exhibition in the State and city of New York, for example, to be less corrupt and extravagant than the Republican. If the election of 1884 is to be a simple contest of party character, tradition, association, and achievement, as the signs of the times now indicate, Democratic anticipation can hardly be very sanguine. But it is not the kind of canvass which is good for the country.

THE IRISH QUESTION.

The Irish question, like that of slavery in this country thirty years ago, will challenge attention until it is settled, and it is evident that there can be no proper settlement which is not radical. It is one of the most difficult problems ever offered to statesmanship, and the difficulty is incalculably increased by the conduct of those who speak and act for Ireland. Indeed, the character of Irish agitation is one of the most striking and painful illustrations of the consequences of the long English misrule, as the evil nature of slavery can be seen in the condition of emancipated slaves. To measure the Irish situation it is only necessary to consider the remedy which is proposed by the most intelligent Irishmen. That remedy is, in a word, home rule. By this is meant, as such Irishmen constantly explain, the application to Ireland of the divided State and national system of the United States. Ireland is to remain a part of the British Empire, as New York is a part of the Union. But an Irish Parliament is to legislate for local Irish affairs, like the Legislature of New York for the State.

This being the proposition, let any man read the little work just issued in the "Franklin Square Library," *An Outline of Irish History from the Earliest Times to the Present Day.* It is written by Justin H. McCarthy, a son, we believe, of the historian of *Our Own Times*, who has inherited his father's moderate and generous spirit, and who has written of a burning subject in a very temperate tone. He is an Irishman, and he tells the story of Ireland from the legendary epoch to the Phœnix Park murders, and although most briefly and concisely told, the tale is neither dry nor bare. The book depicts the Ireland to which home rule in the American sense is to be applied. It is a country which has been always torn with alien or domestic war. Its land has been incessantly confiscated. The country has been the victim of the most inhuman legislation and of the most cruel violence. Naturally enough its population is squalid, ignorant, degraded, without the habit or the tradition or the conception of the methods of free popular government, and its most vigorous and intelligent part is exiled in foreign lands, not contemplating return.

Now what does any reasonable Irishman suppose would be the result if the British government should declare that it would accord any measure of relief that Irishmen could agree to demand? The American States that shook off British rule were self-governing, separate British colonies of intelligent, industrious, and thrifty Englishmen and their descendants. But if the British Parliament should say to Ireland to-morrow, "Organize yourself into an independent state of the empire, with a legislature for local affairs," has any Irishman any conceivable idea of what should or could be done? How many of the Irish party in Parliament, how many of the "patriots" that swagger in foreign lands, would hasten to return to their native land, or, if they did so, would bring anything but anarchy and chaos with them? How many of the best of the Irish citizens who still remain at home would not fly their country when it was delivered to itself? The conclusion is not that nothing should be done, not that home rule in some form is not desirable, not that British oppression has not been unspeakable, but simply that in the actual situation of Ireland relief must come with the co-operation of England, and that the incessant blatant denunciation of England, and the encouragement of infamous crimes against innocent persons, and the assassination of friendly Englishmen are as deadly wrongs to Ireland as Cromwell's bloody hand or the ruthless penal laws. Mr. McCarthy says that it is useless to ask the Irish leaders for a plan of home rule so long as home rule itself is scouted as impossible. But a plain and feasible scheme of home rule offered by Irish leaders would be in itself the most powerful argument for it, and would at once win for the Irish agitation a general approval in every civilized country, while extenuation of horrible crime and incitement to further crime merely excite universal disgust and abhorrence. Let Mr. Parnell suggest such a scheme. To treat a Liberal English Ministry of to-day, which has proved by its acts its desire to remedy the Irish situation, as if it were the government of Henry VII., or William III., or Charles II., is a folly so egregious that it greatly enhances the enormous difficulty of the situation.

DECORATION-DAY.

The reception of the Fifth Regiment of Northern Virginia in the Confederate army by the Twenty-eighth New York Volunteer Infantry in the Union army, at Niagara Falls on the 22d of May was so near Decoration-day as to be properly associated with it, and to illustrate the kindly spirit in which that day will be observed. It has been evident from the first celebration of Decoration-day that it would become at last a day of united remembrance, commemorating the Union and not the war. It was at once obvious that there was no lingering vindictiveness of feeling, and that in the hearty acceptance on all sides of the decision for which the appeal to arms was made it was not the cause, but the valor and devotion of the soldiers upon the side that did not succeed, which would be hereafter recognized.

The especial event of the military gathering at Niagara Falls was the restoration by the Virginia regiment to the New York regiment of its battle-flag, which was captured at Cedar Mountain. This is said to be an unprecedented event, but, however that may be, it is a most characteristic and suggestive incident. It is a triumph of generous patriotism and manliness, and all that was said upon the occasion was frank and hearty, revealing the union of hearts as well as of hands, which is now the strength and glory of the republic. In the national cemetery at Arlington, near Washington, we see also that the graves of the Confederates are to be decorated, and Judge Finch's tender and beautiful song of "The Blue and the Gray" has come to express a universal national sentiment.

There are no signs of decline of interest in the day, and the spirit of mutual good-will which is now displayed removes the only objection that could ever be urged to such a commemoration—that it tended to foster sectional feeling, and to prolong the bitterness that always follows civil war. The tone of the celebration has been without exception humane and patriotic, and no more generous and friendly words to former opponents were ever spoken than have been heard from all sides on Decoration-day. But the incident at Niagara Falls, the return of the battle-flag by its captors, is the most beautiful and significant yet associated with the day, and it puts to utter shame the expectation that the lost cause would become a sacred tradition and cult, like the hope of a Stuart restoration with the old English Jacobites.

THE BRIDGE.

The last number of the Weekly was a Bridge number, and with the article in the May number of Harper's Magazine it may well be kept as a pictorial memento of the great event which has just been celebrated. A festival so unique New York has seldom seen, and it was observed with fitting republican state and simplicity. It is impossible not to contrast the scene and the occasion with the contemporaneous magnificent imperial pageant at Moscow. Both were ceremonies, and of a singularly impressive kind. But one signalizes the act by which an autocrat assumes the insignia of hereditary absolute power over ninety millions of human beings, while the other commemorates the closer and peaceful union of two vast municipal communities in the presence of a citizen freely elected to be the Chief Magistrate of the nation to which they belong, and who in two years will relinquish the constitutional power that he holds to the hands that will have been freely chosen to receive it.

But, without such accidental contrasts, the completion and opening to traffic of a great bridge is an exceedingly interesting event, because of the historic association with bridges and of their imaginative suggestiveness. This topic was well touched by Rev. Mr. Chadwick in Brooklyn in a discourse preached upon the Sunday before the opening. The bridges of Rome and Florence, of Paris and London, the bridge that Horatius held, the Milvian bridge of Constantine, the bridge of Lodi, the Jewellers' bridge, are among the innumerable bridges of fame, as if fate chose them for romantic and memorable exploits. The symbolism of bridges does not less arrest the poet. The bridge of Mirza, in Addison's vision, the bridge on which the singer stood at midnight in Longfellow's poem, are familiar illustrations. In itself a structure so airy and graceful, like the Trinità over the Arno, or massive and lofty, like our High Bridge and the far-stretching lines of the aqueduct upon the Roman Campagna, a bridge is the most pleasing and fruitful of texts, as it is among the most picturesque of objects.

It was becoming that the opening of the bridge to the public should be celebrated with all possible and proper circumstance, and the celebration was admirably designed. In the procession that attended the President and the Governors and the distinguished personages of all kinds, as they passed, amid the roar of cannon and with pealing music, over the magnificent pathway hung in air, henceforth the main artery of the intercourse of two of the great cities of the world, perhaps some musing and honored guest looked down upon the river massed with boats and at the teeming and rejoicing population upon the shores, and recalled the foggy summer morning, one hundred and seven years ago, when Washington stealthily withdrew his handful of troops over the river from the little village of Brooklyn to the little town of New York; or still farther backward, in the misty morning of humorous legend, did he behold, first civilized mariners of those now crowded waters below him, Oloffe the Dreamer with Ten Breeches and their doughty comrades pushing along toward Hell Gate? It was a proud and memorable spectacle that was seen on the bridge and from the bridge on Thursday, the 24th of May, 1883; but strangely different scenes will greet the eye of many a future loiterer across the bridge as he surveys all that it commands, and recalls the swift and marvellous history of the scene.

"SEZ GENERAL B., SEZ HE."

General Butler's recent interview may be regarded as his Presidential platform, and it shows how much bolder and more sagacious he is than any of the Democratic aspirants who have yet spoken. His position upon the two questions of reform is characteristic. He would have the tariff tax limited in amount to a sum necessary and adequate for revenue, and this tax he would so adjust as to protect American labor and encourage American enterprise. The General, in fact, must have seen the little joker on the race-course. He would have a tariff for revenue which should also protect. But this plan diverges from the strict "revenue only" principle of so levying the tariff tax that the whole proceeds will be paid into the Treasury, a result which is to be accomplished by disregarding protection altogether. The General's plan is adroit and ingenious: now you see it, now you don't. But he wisely avoids illustrations and details; and since he poses as a protectionist he could be hardly accepted as a free-trader, and upon a mere difference of the method of protection his party could make no real fight.

But upon the other reform, that of the civil service, his words are unequivocal:

> "I contend that the use of Federal patronage [and presumptively State patronage] to reward personal friends or party favorites and punish personal or political enemies in payment for rendering partisan or personal service, or in punishment for failure or refusal to render such service, is one of the most debauching influences of the period. It robs the people of that efficient and honest service which is their due because they pay for it, corrupts politics and statesmanship alike in all their spheres of action, from the ward-room of the caucus to the chamber of the Senate and the Council-room of the cabinet. It is a standing menace to the personal independence of the hundred thousand citizens in Federal employ, and unless speedily stopped will undermine our institutions, and sap the very foundations of popular government. . . .
>
> "Fitness, not favor, should be the passport to the public service. There should be no removals of public employés during their term of service except for cause, and no assessments on their salaries, paid to them by the whole people, should be levied for the perpetuation of the party in power. What we need and must have is a system of civil service consistent and harmonious with the nature of American government, established and protected by law, that, like government itself, it may be the agent of law and not of men, to the end that it may be kept free of all corrupting dependence upon political favor and patronage. Personally I favor the principles of the Pendleton bill in regard to appointments in the civil service, and the Willis bill in regard to assessments of Federal office-holders."

It is a day of good omen when one of the shrewdest and boldest politicians in the United States, who is popularly supposed to be wholly unincumbered with political principle, believes that it will help him to a Presidential nomination to declare himself unreservedly a civil service reformer. How warmly his party supports the same principles may be seen in the Democratic reconstruction of the municipal service in Boston. But however impossible it may be to hear without a smile these perfectly correct sentiments proceeding from General Butler, the significance of his declaration is unmistakable.

REPUBLICAN REORGANIZATION IN NEW YORK.

The sub-committee to report a plan of Republican reorganization in the city has submitted a scheme based upon that of Mr. George Bliss which we have already mentioned. It provides for an annual enrollment of Republicans, and that only such enrolled persons shall vote at the Republican primaries. The enrollment is to be made by five enrolling officers in each district, to be selected by the Committee of Eighteen, which has the whole matter in charge. Two of the officers are to be adherents of the present organization, or Stalwarts; two not adherents, or Half-breeds, and one a non-resident of the district. The conditions of enrollment are, support of the Republican ticket at the last Presidential election, or, if not then of voting age, intention to do so hereafter, and a pledge not to take part in the caucuses or primaries of any other party during the year. The lists are to be open to inspection and challenge, and when completed the enrolled Republicans in every district are to elect, under the general superintendence of the Committee of Eighteen, a Republican County Committee, to be re-elected every year, and to supersede the present Central Committee. The existing Republican associations upon the final completion of the enrollment are to be abolished, and are recommended to continue as Republican clubs.

This is an excellent plan, because it gives all Republicans an equal chance, and deprives them of the right of complaining that they are not allowed a voice in the preliminary deliberations and action of the party. The provision that we regret is the oath not to take part in the caucuses and primaries of any other party during the year. The reason alleged for requiring this pledge is not adequate, because the pledge would not exclude a Democratic repeater, who would take his chance of being discovered, while it will certainly exclude many good Republicans, who, without any intention or disposition to change their party association within the year, will yet not pledge themselves not to change. Nothing seems to be gained by the pledge, and something important may be lost. It furnishes an excuse for refusal to enroll which should not have been furnished.

The objection of the machine men to the proposed plan is that it provides no penalty for men who become members of the party organization and then refuse to support its candidates. But, not to say that if a man enrolls himself as a Republican it is because he intends to support the candidates, unless they are personally objectionable, or are nominated by objectionable methods, what penalty can be inflicted except to drop the offender's name from the list? But this is precisely the thing which is to be reformed, namely, requiring a pledge to support regular nominations. As it is upon that rock that the party has locally split, it is rather absurd to propose to reunite it upon that foundation. The new plan, with the exception that we have mentioned, is good, but it must be carried out in its own spirit. The Committee of Eighteen was appointed by Mr. O'Brien. It is satisfactory to the Stalwarts, and it has the entire initiative. But if it appoints the enrolling officers fairly, each side will be adequately represented, and the familiar reasons for complaint will be in great part removed.

MR. JAY AND THE STATE REFORM COMMISSION.

The appointment of Mr. John Jay in place of President White upon the Civil Service Commission of New York is an earnest of the good faith of Governor Cleveland, and is most satisfactory to the friends of reform. Mr. Jay's personal character and ability, his public experience, and his hearty interest in the reform, with the practical details of which he is familiar, naturally designate him as peculiarly fitted for the service which he has consented to undertake.

If the Commission shall now be as fortunate in the selection of a Chief Examiner as in that of its own members, the friends of reform throughout the country will have great reason for congratulation that the State of New York, in which the evils and demoralizations of the spoils system were first fully developed, should be the first State to take practical steps for the correction of the abuses of that system by confiding the official execution of a law of reform to a commission of its most intelligent and sincere friends.

PERSONAL.

The competitive models for the Paul Revere statue are still on exhibition in the gallery of the Boston Art Club. Mr. J. E. Kelly's design, which we engraved last week, attracts more attention than any other, and is easily the most noteworthy. The committee in charge of the erection of the monument have indefinitely extended the time of the competition, and are ready to receive additional models from any source.

—Several memorial windows in honor of the late Dean Stanley will be placed in Westminster Abbey. "One of them," says the London *Times* of May 11, "has been subscribed for exclusively by friends in the United States. The money has been raised there in an exceedingly short space of time, and the sum would have been far larger had it been thought right to tax our transatlantic kinsmen for so eminently national a work. The American window will have a suitable inscription, as well as some significant insertion in the glass itself. It may be mentioned that the Rev. Phillips Brooks, of Boston, one of Dean Stanley's best friends in America, called by chance at the Deanery shortly before the meeting of the executive committee, and was invited by the Prince of Wales to be present."

—The Archbishop of Canterbury speaks of his present office as "unsought for and unwished for" by himself. He has been "walking in a dream" ever since it came to him.

—Rosa Bonheur's latest public exhibition of animal paintings contains pictures with the following interesting titles: "An Old Monarch," "A Humble Servant," "A Norman Sire," "A Noble Charger," "A Wounded Eagle," "A Wild-Cat," "A Ram in a Stable," "A Badger," and "A Young Prince."

—"The average man sees little that has not been pointed out to him," observes a recent essayist. "He will keep a dog from puppyhood to death and never know that he has under his eye a creature as original as nine-tenths of his human neighbors, and a good deal more interesting."

—Mr. Froude declares that in his early boyhood he never heard, either in church or out of it, a single word about orthodoxy. Religion was considered "too sacred to be argued about," and was therefore, in his judgment, in "a condition of moral health."

—Mr. W. Robinson, an advocate of cremation, believes that the cemetery of the future will be a national garden in the best sense, safe from violation as the Via Sacra, and having the added charms of pure air, trees, grass, and flowers. The urns will be received within temples or mausoleums, which shall fringe the garden proper, leaving open green lawns planted with groves and gardens, which would be the home of all beautiful green things. A desirable adjunct, he thinks, would be a winter garden, in which burial ceremonies could be held in wild and wintry weather.

—"Had it not been for busy and bustling George Henry Lewes," writes an admirer of George Eliot, "the world would most likely have been without such precious possessions as *Adam Bede*, *Romola*, and *The Mill on the Floss*. Not that George Eliot was without a very large amount of mere industry and application, but as regards energy, 'thought widens, but lames,' as Goethe says, and the wealth of unused potentialities—the waste of force—is as striking in the intellectual as in the physical world." The forthcoming *Life of George Eliot*, by her second husband, Mr. Cross, is nearly finished.

—Sir John Lubbock has been investigating the sense of color among some of the lower animals. He finds that that lowly animal the water-flea is able to distinguish yellow and green light, and is fonder of either than of white light.

—From the London *Athenæum*: "Mr. Albert Bierstadt, the painter of landscape panoramas, to whom was attributed the increased impost on works of art entering the United States, has denied taking any steps to bring this about, and declares that he took an energetic part in the reverse sense."

—Says the *Pall Mall Gazette*: "Conservatives, in despair of securing either a programme for the present or a faith for the future, have fallen back upon the worship of the memory of Lord Beaconsfield. It is easy to sympathize with their anxiety to hide the difficulties of leadership to-day by glorifying the statesman who led them yesterday, but it is only the function of a friendly critic to tell them that they are making a mistake. We do not deny that they might find a source of much-needed strength in the worship of the memory of their lost leader, but it must be sought, not in the tinsel policies of Lord Beaconsfield, but in the social sympathies of the author of *Sybil*." Precisely what is meant by referring to the dead Premier as a "lost" leader?

—The opening of the British Museum and the National Gallery from seven to ten o'clock three nights every week is in a line with the needs of the public, and with the action already pursued by the authorities of the Bodleian Library, the Brussels Royal Library, and the Paris National Library, and seriously contemplated, if not resolved upon, by the trustees of the Astor Library.

—M. De Lesseps is called upon to bestir himself with regard to the present condition of the Suez Canal, which is now little better than a stagnant sewer, having long been used as a receptacle for the drainage of the stations on its banks. The passengers and crews of vessels detained in the canal are sufferers in consequence from diarrhœa and dysentery. But what shall be said of the average suburban village hereabouts, which is a miscellaneous collection of cottages and cess-pools?

—The Royal College of Music in England is congratulated upon having accomplished a principal object of its existence in discovering and rewarding latent musical talent in out-of-the-way places. Among its prize pupils last year were a girl who works in a mill, the daughter of a brickmaker, and the sons of a blacksmith and a farm-laborer.

—Mr. G. A. Sala speaks of himself as "an impenitent Radical of thirty years' standing."

—The influence of art, says a late reviewer, still reaches very little beyond the well-to-do class, and it is principally to the extraordinary increase of well-to-do people in the last fifty years that its empire is due. "Popular, in the sense in which literature is fast becoming popular, the arts of painting and sculpture are not and do not as yet promise to be. It is music, if anything, which gives promise of attaining to this universal dominion."

—The Buddhist Mongols are a class of men who do their praying by machinery, but the machinery is not "mighty, majestic, unutterably harmonious," like the big wheel that Oscar Wilde saw at the Chicago Water-Works. Their praying wheel is a small and simple thing, with a handle which a man easily holds as he walks about. It contains a large number of printed prayers, and whenever it revolves the prayers revolve—in other words, are repeated. Sometimes the wheel is placed over the fire of the hearth, and turned around by the upward current of hot air. Sometimes you see it in a temple, so fixed that the pilgrim can take hold of its handle and give it a turn, as a laundry-maid does with the handle of a mangling machine.

—Professor Chandler's connection with the Board of Health has ceased, and so has Professor Tyndall's connection with the London Board of Trade and the Light-house Board. In each case the difficulty seems to have been the insufferable intermeddling of smaller men than they. It is more than a pity for a city to lose the professional services of such scientists.

—The entering wedge of American interviewing, so far as the conservative journals of London are concerned, seems to be found in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of May 9, which prints nearly a column of matter about Sir Julius Benedict, the eminent musician of that city, in the shape of an extract from the Boston *Herald*, whose London correspondent wrote it. Sir Julius lives only a few minutes' walk from the editorial rooms of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. It is only fair to add, however, that the latter journal assures its readers that it has carefully stripped the extract about Sir Julius of "many highly flavored personalities."

—Our Southern exchanges note the successful lecturing tour of the celebrated "Blind Preacher," the Rev. William H. Milburn. At Wilmington, North Carolina, a few days ago, "the stormiest night of the season" did not deter a large number from hearing "Dr. Milburn's very able and splendid lecture on Aaron Burr." The eloquent doctor is preaching as well, and one of his sermons is described as "an almost perfect specimen of narrative and description."

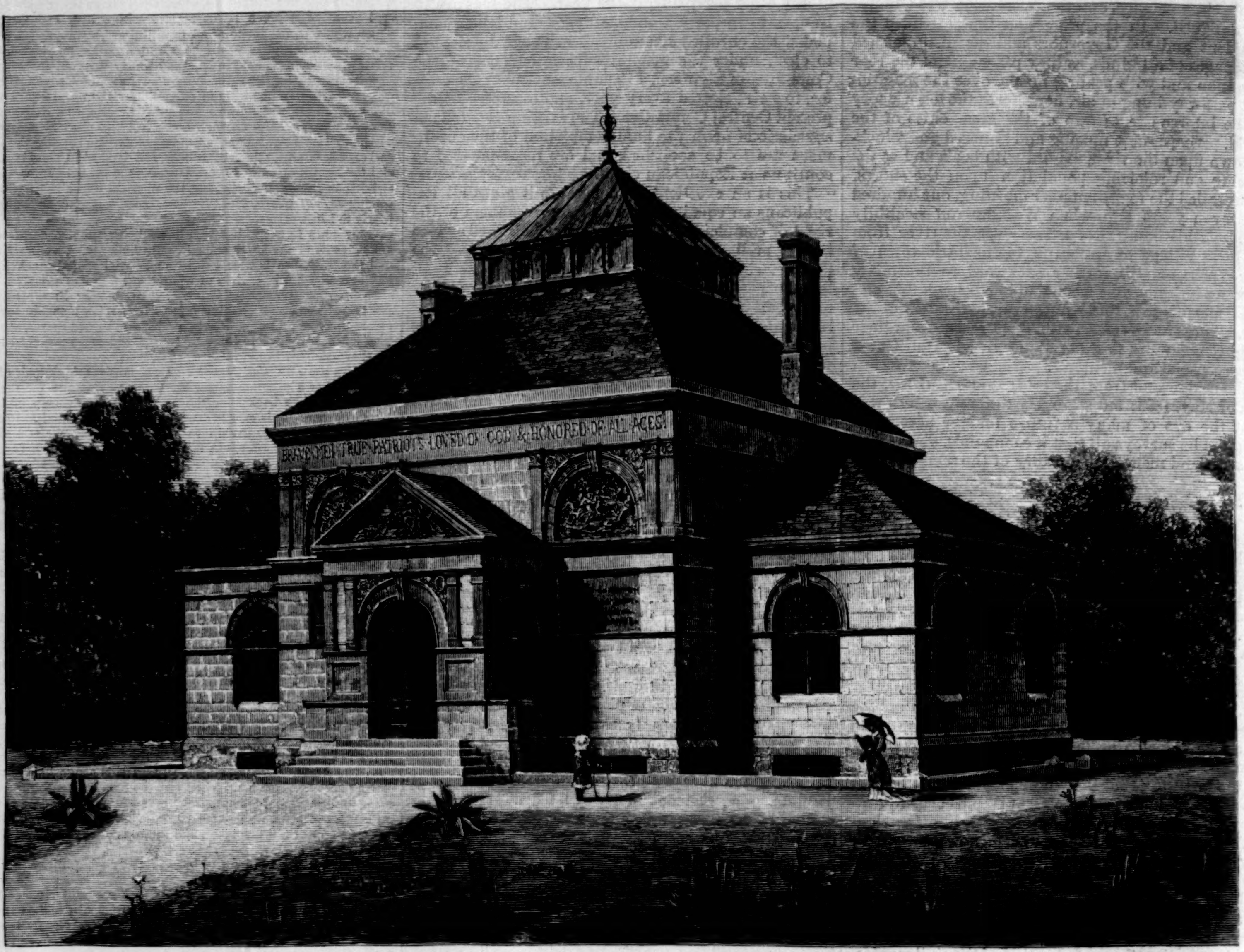
—Every traveller in China is looked upon as a missionary, and treated accordingly.

—At a crowded meeting in Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle the loudest and longest cheers were given in favor of the Affirmation Bill in the House of Commons. "This typical assembly of Nonconformists," writes a spectator, "were universally and deeply interested in the project for the abolition of the compulsory oath."

—Minister Lowell, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, is an unfailing sayer of good things.

—There is a proverb in Madagascar which says, "If a person will neither milk the cow nor hold the calf, but only lick the cream, he is not dealing fairly."

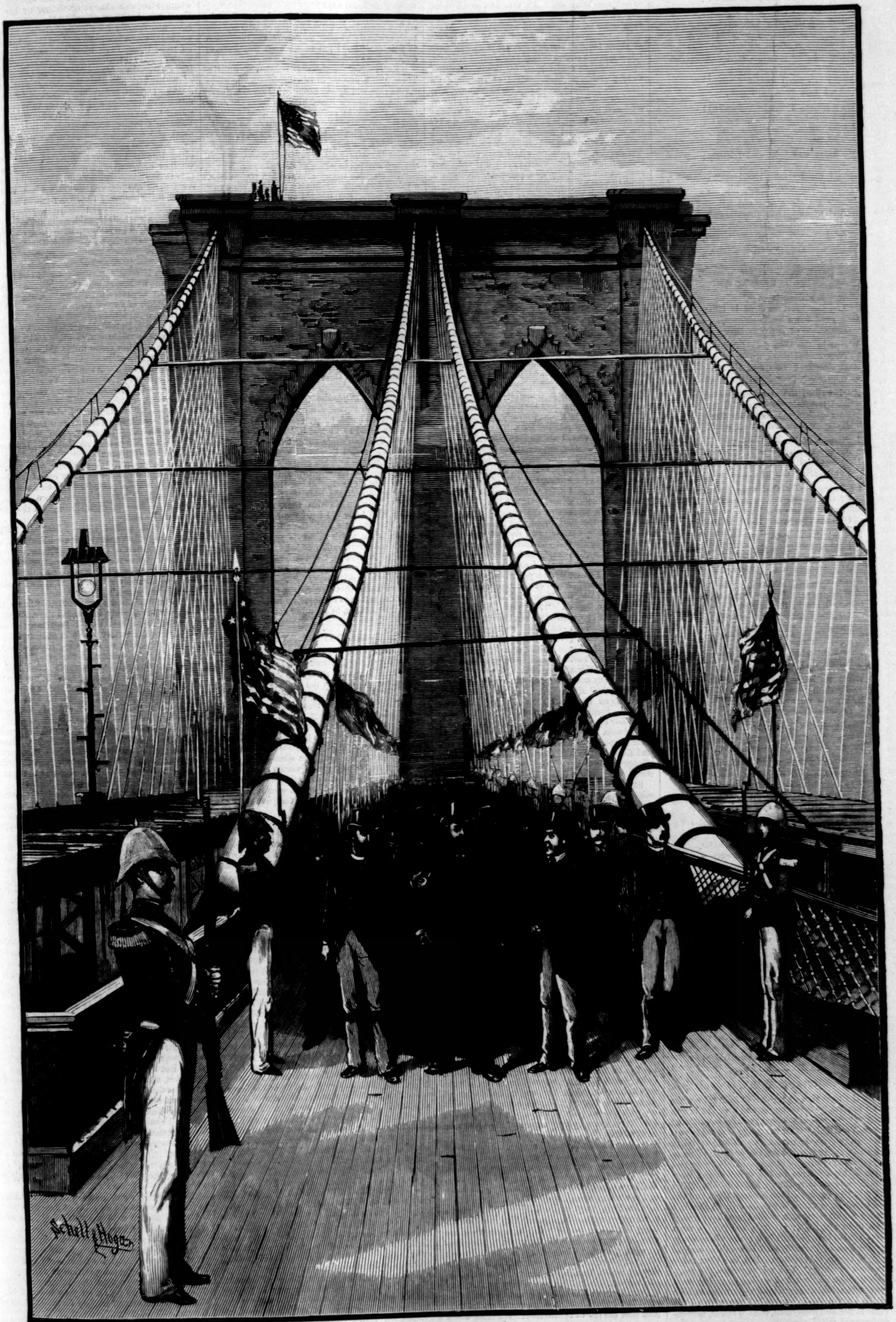
—From a recent speech by John Bright: "The late Bishop of Winchester [Bishop Wilberforce] was a man with whom I had often pleasant conversation upon public questions, and I met him occasionally at dinner, and he was always extremely friendly to me, although in some things we were quite apart. He told me that with regard to the Crimean war his opinion agreed with mine. He thought it unnecessary and unjust, and greatly to be lamented. I suggested to him whether it might not be good for him and for the country if he would take some opportunity in his place in the House of Lords of addressing to the House and to the government and to the nation a speech upon that question corresponding with the views that he had then explained to me. Well, he looked serious—and I have no doubt he felt the question to be a very serious one—and he said that he had taken that matter into his deliberation, and he had not been able to convince himself that taking that course would be productive of more good than it would of harm, and therefore that he had remained silent."


BRAVE MEN TRUE PATRIOTS LOVED OF GOD & HONORED OF ALL AGES

MEMORIAL HALL AT RUTLAND, VERMONT.—From the Architect's Design.—[See Page 343.]

1. Dance at its height. 2. "Pahnatishu," Chiricahua Captive. 3. "Alchisay," General Crook's favorite Scout. 4, 5, 6, and 8. Evolutions of the War-Dance. 7. Apache Scouts in Bivouac.

WAR-DANCE OF GENERAL CROOK'S APACHE SCOUTS.—From a Sketch by A. F. Harmer.—[See Page 343.]



THE GREAT BRIDGE—PRESIDENT ARTHUR AND HIS PARTY CROSSING THE SUSPENDED HIGHWAY.—Drawn by Schell and Hogan.—[See Page 343.]

DECORATION-DAY.

I WALKED the streets at midnight,
But my thoughts were far away,
For my leaf of life, now withered,
Was green again with May.

The snows of twenty winters
Had vanished from my brow,
And I (ah me!) looked forward,
As I look backward now.

Why should I not look forward?
I knew my soul was strong;
I knew there was within me
The might there is in Song.

My heart was light and friendly;
I loved my fellow-men,
And I loved—how much!—my comrades,
For I had comrades then.

Where are those dear old fellows?
Ah! whither have they flown?
I asked myself at midnight,
As I walked the streets alone.

There was Fitz, the Irish singer,
And Fred, the tender heart,
And Harry, who lived for Woman,
And Tom, who lived for Art.

Poor Fitz's song is over,
And the heart of Fred is still:
One went down at Yorktown,
The other at Malvern Hill.

Wrapt in the blue they fought in,
They buried them where they lay;
And elsewhere Tom and Harry,
Who wore, poor lads! the gray.

As I walked the streets at midnight,
And remembered the awful years
That snatched my comrades from me,
My eyes were filled with tears.

I thought of bloody battles,
Where thousands such as they
Had met and killed each other
For wearing the blue and gray;

Of happy homes that were darkened,
Of hearths that were desolate,
Of tender hearts that were broken,
Of love that was turned to hate.

I pitied the wretched living;
I think I did the dead;
I know I sighed for Harry,
And dropped a tear for Fred.

"Poor boys!" I said. But pondering
What was, and might have been
(What I am in the sere leaf,
And they were in the green),

I pitied my dead no longer;
I did not dare to. No.
They went when they were summoned—
Before, they could not go.

When we know what Life and Death are,
We shall then know which is best;
Meanwhile we live and labor:
Their labor done, they rest.

The earth lies heavy on them,
But they do not complain;
They do not miss the sunshine,
They do not feel the rain.

If they are ever conscious,
In that long sleep of theirs,
It is when, past the winter,
We feel the first spring airs.

When the birds from tropic countries
Come back again to ours,
And where of late were snow-drifts,
The grass is thick with flowers—

Such flowers as will to-morrow
Be scattered where they lie,
The blue and gray together,
Beneath the same sweet sky;

No stain upon their manhood,
No memory of the Past,
Except the common valor
That made us One at last!

R. H. STODDARD.

"DISARMED!"*

By MISS BETHAM-EDWARDS,

AUTHOR OF "KITTY," "EXCHANGE NO ROBBERY," "HOLIDAYS IN EASTERN FRANCE," "DR. JACOB," "THE SYLVESTRES; OR, THE OUTCASTS," ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

BY the time ripe walnuts were falling from the trees in farm-house orchards, and over the brown fallow starlings held solemn conclave before flying south, Valerian's winter campaign was made out. One sunny sea-side rendezvous of winter idlers does as well as another for the purpose of mere pastime and epicurean pleasure in life, so he had brought his mistress to the same bright town nestled under the southern English hills. Miss Hermitage pronounced the house perfect, and the site bewitching, which it was indeed. Valerian's choice fell this time on a modest mansion perched on a right royal hill; grounds and garden must be of course insignificant in a place where every square inch of building land is worth its weight in gold to the speculators. But the view made up for everything. You might search the kingdom through and not find a more engaging prospect or heart-stirring panorama—fair green hills to the left, to the right, behind you, with all the signs of life and movement, church spires, garden-embowered villas, sloping meadows on which the cattle grazed even in winter, and below the many-sailed, sparkling sea. All this and much more was to be seen from the house itself, whilst the very sense of altitude gave exhilaration. Were only a common prosaic world below, the tenant of these breezy heights must all the same have felt a strange charm in being thus lifted above it, and enabled to contemplate his fellow-creatures, mere pigmies, as they hurried about the day's business. But the scene was very gracious. The happy configuration of the soil, dimpled hills of tenderest green, joining hands with stern sweeps of gorse-clad moor, is heightened by contrast with the sea—perpetual repose wedded to perpetual unrest. Yet the sea has ofttimes a southern calm and suavity, and even on winter days bears on its tranquil bosom many a silvery sailed shallop that rests at anchor "idly as a painted ship upon a painted ocean."

Nor is life wholly ordinary and unpicturesque in this sweet place. You may still see in its ancient harbor sea-faring men brown as Bedouins, and, like them, not translated into vulgarity by means of broadcloth and the chimney-pot. Wonderful indeed is their gear both on Sundays and working-days; for Sundays, provided the wind is not fair, new smocks dyed with the Indian catechu till they are bright as virgin copper, for plying their craft "all doth suffer a sea-change." There are to be seen slouched hats, trews, and petticoat—I know not by what other name to call them—of oil-skin, shiny and green as fishes' scales, with big Roundhead boots well seasoned by salt-water, the whole making up a formidable appearance, as of men bent on dire encounter with the elements. When there is no wind at all you may see one metamorphosis more. This time the fishermen wear tight-fitting garments of dark blue, having, with their fancifully shaped shrimping nets, an airy poetic appearance, although full of cold reality is the shrimper's life in winter. For these surroundings Miss Hermitage cared little, nor did she at all concern herself with Valerian's plans. She felt certain of being amused, and that sufficed. Just at present, however, she was enjoying a temporary lull, a pleasing interlude, devoid of surprise, but full of expectation. The curtain would soon be drawn. Meantime it was agreeable to sit awhile in subdued light, reining in one's powers of enjoyment. Stephana's arrival was the first event, and Miss Hermitage welcomed her warmly. "I do not understand you any more than if you had dropped from the planet Jupiter," she said, the first time they found themselves alone. "But I confess you divert me mightily. You are so unexpected in everything."

Stephana smiled one of those reproving little smiles of which Miss Hermitage was so far from divining the import. "And now I am going to be more unexpected than ever, Cousin Christina. I have something to tell you. I am going to marry Valerian."

"Valerian!—a man without a penny, without any position in the world, without— You are joking," replied Miss Hermitage. "And I am sure you never led any one to suppose that you would ever marry again," she added, in an aggrieved tone. "What can have put such a thing into your head?" Stephana was silent. Could she ever make her cousin understand? The task seemed so arduous she knew not how to begin. "At least if you make the mistake of marrying a second time, do it to your own advantage," Miss Hermitage continued. "You are young, rich, handsome. You might marry any one."

Still Stephana held her peace, but Miss Hermitage could not misread the look of quiet decision on her face.

"And Valerian's marriage would be the greatest possible misfortune to me," she said. "Have you thought of that?"

"Yes, I have thought of all these things. But I can not do otherwise. I must act up to my conscience."

"Really, Stephana, I am driven to think that you are going out of your mind."

"Is conscientious behavior so very rare, then?" laughed Stephana, bitterly. "But hear me out, Christina. I am bound to explain my motives to you. I will first say that two years ago, when we were at Naples together, Valerian led me to believe that only his deplorable position hindered him from coming forward. How could he, indeed? The thing was not possible."

"Well, what has happened to make it so? I have told you all along that I should never make Valerian my heir. A fair provision he will have, and the rest goes to charity," retorted Miss Hermitage. "If you marry Valerian, you will do it with your eyes open."

"But it is just because Valerian is so unfortunate that I have determined to do all that in me lies to make reparation," Stephana went on, quietly and resignedly, her mind made up to force an explanation upon her cousin, no matter at what cost to both. "Do you not see," she added, with almost painful emphasis, "how we are beholden to him by very reason of the wrongs he has endured?"

"I leave him a thousand a year. A man must be an idiot to grumble when thus provided for. I do think, my dear Stephana, Valerian's wrongs, as you call them, are for the most part imaginary. We have adopted him into the family; the facts of his birth concern nobody."

"At least they concern himself," Stephana made reply, again with extreme bitterness underlying her sweet voice; "and because they are shameful they concern all the world." She glowed with passionate indignation as she went on: "Has it never occurred to you that it is just the sins of which Valerian is the victim that make our modern civilization a mockery and society hideous? For my part, I never meet a work-house child but I blush for the depravity of my fellows. And note the law of retribution! We bring these unhappy beings without conscience into the world, and without conscience they turn upon us, vindicating themselves by violence and crime. What but chance hindered Valerian from being one of these abandoned ones?"

Miss Hermitage looked annoyed, even disturbed, yet unconvinced. "All this may be true," she said, evidently wishing to narrow the discussion to a point; "but I fail to see what they have to do with your proposal to marry him."

"Everything," answered Stephana, quietly. Then with a fine blush of enthusiasm she said: "I am rich, and he has nothing. In making over to him my wealth I give him the means of combating these social evils. He, the victim of shame and sin, shall stand up to plead the cause of others similarly ill-used, the apostle of a higher code of morality."

Miss Hermitage made sarcastic retort, though she had seemed to wince whilst listening.

"Throw your money into the sea if you like, my dear Stephana. It is your own, and none can say you nay. But, depend on it, as long as the world stands there will be vice and virtue. It is a law of nature."

The glow faded from Stephana's face, and the tremor of fine feeling no longer thrilled her voice, as she replied, in her turn biting and sarcastic: "So I dare say the Pacific islanders thought when they made meals of their captives. And we are not so far ahead of them as we think."

"Well, we are not cannibals, thank Heaven! But reflect for a moment. You would be very unhappy with Valerian; you two are not in the least suited to each other. Let him be. Let everything be. It would be so much better both for your health and spirits."

Stephana sat still, silent yet remonstrant. Miss Hermitage continued, with positively a caressingness in her hard voice: "I should be really sorry to see you make another mistake—I should indeed. These handsome notions of doing good never come to anything, my dear. We must just eat our bread and butter from day to day, and leave the world as we find it."

"Has Valerian's fate never troubled you, then, Christina?" asked Stephana, looking with indescribable pathos into her cousin's eyes.

"You see that I have provided for him; I could not do less," was the quick, irritated answer. "But now do let me hear what you have been doing in London all this time, and the place reeking with fever. I trust you have made your will. The life of a rash, impulsive person like yourself is not worth an hour's purchase."

Thus the conversation ended. Had Stephana succeeded in making her motives plain? Was Christina any nearer her inmost thoughts and most painful convictions? She could not tell. She only knew that her cousin could never be brought to return to the topic, and almost seemed, by such avoidance, to shun her company.

CHAPTER XX.

VALERIAN needed all his much praised tact, collectedness, and discrimination to extricate himself from his strange position. Arthura, his betrothed, his only love, in the house; Stephana, his would-be benefactress, close by, and alike the love of the one and the magnanimity of the other to be held a dead secret, locked up in his own breast as if indeed they were not. For if Arthura must not know of Stephana's benign intentions, still less must Stephana suspect Arthura's girlish passion. He had kept silence. The time was gone by for any gentle unravelment of the threads. Come what would, they must now be rudely cut asunder; perhaps to-morrow, perhaps next year; no matter when, so long as it was not too late.

Thus he reasoned, and certainly such a decision was convenient, if hardly high-minded or wise. Nothing could have been more uncomfortable to all three than an explanation just then. Arthura must straightway forfeit her really handsome position. Stephana's generous schemes would be nipped in the bud, and his own worldly prospects suffer shipwreck. Miss Hermitage would never forgive the deception, never, never, never, repeated Valerian to himself, condoning one crooked line of conduct by another. And having once persuaded himself that it was inevitable, that he was thus acting because to act otherwise was impossible, he finally took refuge, as most of us do under similar circumstances, in a kind of fatality. Unlucky chances were playing with him. He was the sport of misadventure. He must for the time being just let the Fates do with him as they would. For the time being, reasoned Valerian. He had not the remotest idea of playing traitor to his better nature. He loved Arthura more dearly than ever, and would not suffer himself to drift into infidelity to her. When the crisis came he should give up everything for her sake; but meantime there was no crisis. He could enjoy the suavity of Stephana's friendship in the sweet consciousness of Arthura's love. And last but not least he was not breaking with his best friend, his cousin Christina. To give her up, indeed, just now when she so urgently needed his services, would be the acme of human ingratitude. To have deceived her in the first instance and to go on deceiving her now was not only a duty, but a piece of downright kindness, Valerian finally said to himself, one sophistry, like one tortuous act, being implicitly bound up with another.

And indeed all went very smoothly, Arthura helping him with her proud reserve, Stephana no less so with her quiet, almost sisterly kindness. Kinder no woman could be to any man, but it was the kindness that has no sentiment in it—the kindness a lover would have resented. Those steady sympathetic glances, those affectionate signs of interest, that friendly serviceableness, might mean anything but love. No wonder that Arthura was disarmed. It needed no woman's insight, nor man's either, to see that as far as Valerian was concerned Stephana was absolutely insensible to deeper feeling. She might like him, and that cordially. But she saw him come and go with perfect composure. She was the same whether he was absent or sitting by her side. Flattering, however, as might be this outward calm and fancied security to Valerian, Stephana wanted to touch firmer ground. Life to her meant no mere living from hand to mouth, no patchwork of good intentions and vague purposes, still less a raree-show got up for pastime and clapping of the hands. She must live consistently, having definite objects before her ever, and forcing all minor circumstance and endeavor to one central thought. So having come to the conclusion that Valerian's future was matter of first concernment, she could not let day after day slip idly by. Nor was opportunity wanting. They were often thrown together; it rested with herself whether or no they should be alone. She had only to command an interview. She preferred to seize upon chance, and one day when Valerian called, little prepared for such an invitation, she bade him stay.

"Take a chair," she said, quite collectedly, almost coldly; "I have something to say to you."

Now Valerian had been quite thrown off his guard by Stephana's cousinly, nay, sisterly behavior for weeks past, and almost driven to believe that such blissful uncertainty might last forever. There was no reason why Stephana should speak out to-day any more than yesterday, and that day twelvemonth any more than to-morrow. When, therefore, quite suddenly and unlooked-for came such a behest, he felt too much taken by surprise to frame any resolution at all. And again the beguiling sophism came to his aid. He was the sport of circumstance. Chance must do with him as it would. At first Stephana's confidences were very re-assuring. Valerian listened, growing easier in mind and more courageous every moment.

"Valerian," she began, "I wish you would tell me in all frankness whether you have any sympathy with those causes for which our cousin Constantine has battled so stoutly? Do they as much as interest you?"

"To be perfectly sincere," he said, speaking readily, and without any more secret misgiving, "I have always regarded myself as a nobody, to whom nothing was of any concern, except, indeed, the matter of meat, drink, and the wherewithal to be clothed."

They both smiled after friendliest fashion. Such straightforwardness pleased Stephana, and seemed a guarantee of higher qualities.

"Have you never wished to use such powers as you possess on a wider, more ambitious scale? You are variously gifted. You should make a figure in the world."

Valerian laughed sarcastically. "Some men might do so certainly, and under the same conditions. I am afraid that I lack magnanimity. What right has society to expect anything of me? I say to myself, and go my ways unconcerned."

"But hardly content, I am sure," Stephana said, the underlying bitterness of Valerian's speech interesting, touching her. It was the first time that they had ever verged upon a confidence. She wanted to probe this nature hitherto deemed by her—who could say how unjustly?—unimpressionable even to shallowness.

"Content is not perhaps the word, but another that may shock you more—indifferent. Had I not long ago schooled myself into indifference, life must have been intolerable to me. Most men similarly placed would have recourse to the same philosophy."

Stephana glanced at her cousin's agreeable physiognomy, no traces of silent anguish on the smooth brow, no signs of inner conflict in the steadily beaming eye. All was careless, sunny, youthful, yet how often may outward aspect betray rather than reveal the hidden soul? None could tell what Valerian might have suffered in secret. Very kindly and insinuatingly she took up the thread.

"I should have felt much for you, but I mistook your light-heartedness for insensibility. If, as you say, then, your present life were intolerable but for such indifference, why not change it? I own I have blamed your passiveness."

"Ambitiousness may be acquired," Valerian said, determined not to pose—at any rate and at all hazards to appear no other than he was in Stephana's eyes. "It would be hard indeed if I could not do better than I am doing now."

"Perhaps better for yourself and your worldly prospects," Stephana made answer, with appreciable disapproval in her voice. "I was hardly thinking of personal objects."

"Hear me," cried Valerian, giving way to a sudden burst of genuine feeling. "I have never for a moment dreamed of being satisfied with myself. But there was gratitude binding me to Christina, and she will have this kind of service, and no other. It is hardly my fault if I am a perpetual master of drawing-room ceremonies."

"Poor Valerian!" said Stephana, smiling, once more all sympathetic concern and benevolence. The herculean tasks that fell to his hands daily struck her as new facts of good augury. "The skill and energy you put into your present career might really accomplish great things," she went on, thoughtfully, "if you would only be guided."

Then turning round and looking him straight in the face, without a faltering of the sweet voice, a tinge of carnation in the pale cheek, she said, quite naturally and calmly:

"Will you give me a conscience in exchange for my wealth? Long ago, when we were in Rome, you hinted of your wishes to me, and spoke of the differences in our position as a barrier between us. I see the matter in another light. The sacrifice is to be all on your side. I have nothing but unearned worldly fortune to bestow, but *you*—"

She gazed at him steadfastly, and added, with a more subtle insinuation in her voice: "What are you not bidden to give up? Ease, acquired habits of life, and perhaps romance? You must have dreamed, like other men, of winning some woman's love, if not mine, for I can only give you friendship. No deeper feeling: I have said it. If, then, a single conviction causes you to hesitate, be true to it. Be what you will, only true to yourself."

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1373.

Thrilled by this noble appeal, Valerian yet listened, unable to open his lips, and such outward impassibility might well deceive a less unsuspecting looker-on than Stephana. For she was far as could be from imputing crookedness or cowardice to this matter-of-fact, commonplace, yet well-meaning and much-suffering Valerian. It seemed to her only natural that having at one time, hopelessly as he thought, aspired to her hand, he should be somewhat overcome by the sudden realization of his wishes. Silence on his part could mean no more nor less than excessive surprise, not without a touch of gratitude. And nothing he could say was so becoming and convenient as silence. His thanks she did not want, his love-making she could not have. They could, must be, only the best possible friends.

And Valerian seemed but to put her thoughts into words when at last he got out, hesitatingly enough, "You are my best friend in the wide world!" He paused, glanced round him nervously, as if he feared that even in Stephana's boudoir might lurk eavesdroppers, then added, "How can I ever thank you?"

Was he on the verge of a confidence? Had Stephana's singleness of purpose infected him? He hardly knew; he only felt conscious of a vague feeling akin to remorse, and of a fluttering impulse to tell her all. Had she been a common woman he would have done so. Stephana's very noble-mindedness awed while it disturbed him. He felt that already he was deserving of her scorn, and her generosity he was unable to measure.

"It will be my turn to thank if you do all, nay, the half of what I would fain impose on you," she replied, smiling graciously. "Think well before you accept me as your task-mistress."

Then she held out her beautiful hand with such an air of queenly condescension and yet womanly affectionateness that he could not choose but raise it to his lips.

So their interview ended.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MEMORIAL HALL IN RUTLAND.

Few towns have had a more satisfactory experience of the truth of the proverb that "in patient waiting there is no loss" than Rutland, the picturesque and prosperous "Marble City" of the Green Mountain State. Excelled by no town in Vermont in the number and quality of the men she gave to the war, outnumbered by no other town in the graves of her honored dead, which are strewn with flowers on Decoration-day, she has until now taken no practical step to erect anything to their memory. Several years after the close of the war a mixed civil and military committee was named to prepare plans for a suitable soldiers' monument, a handsome prize was widely advertised for the best design, and from over a hundred offered the committee adopted one possessing great merit, estimated to cost, in Vermont marble, ten thousand dollars. They were never quite satisfied that a mere monumental form was the best one for the memorial to take, and pending the discussion the panic occurred, the hard times followed, and it was thought more prudent to defer the report of the committee till more favorable times. In the ten years that have passed the subject has never ceased to occupy the minds of some members of the committee, who have worked out a plan for a more useful as well as a more beautiful form for the memorial to take than the ordinary soldiers' monument—a form in which it should tell its story more eloquently and have a greater daily living use and influence in the community than any monument simply.

From this study the beautiful building which we illustrate on page 340 has taken form, combining at once a temple to patriotic self-sacrifice, a stately and beautiful home for a public library, and an art gallery. The five marble companies of Vermont comprising the Producers' Marble Company generously offered to contribute the entire amount of marble required, and to extend the facilities of their works for the carving and cutting of the same. With an enthusiasm and fervor recalling the impassioned meetings of the war times, the town, rich and poor competing, with hardly a dissenting voice, adopted the designs, and voted the appropriation of $25,000 asked for. The material to be used is the choicest dark blue marble, with sawed surface above the basement, finished with a deep red slate roof. The total cost will be about fifty thousand dollars.

Having a twofold character and purpose, the building fronts both ways. One front, the military, is wholly given up to telling the story in marble of the heroism of the dead, and the achievements of their arms in the war of the rebellion. The other, the literary, intending to teach to every passer-by the importance of good books in the diffusion of knowledge, and that the great advantages we enjoy impose upon us grave responsibilities as citizens of a republic whose permanency depends upon civic virtue and popular intelligence. On either side of the vestibule on each front are arched panels fourteen feet high, divided horizontally by a heavy moulded course through the centre. In the upper halves are to be placed bass-reliefs—those of the military front of battle scenes—one introducing the artillery and infantry arms in action, and the other the cavalry; underneath these in the lower halves will be carved inscriptions, tributes to the memory of the dead, as well as expressing the popular impulse which has given birth to the building.

In the pediment above the vestibule will be placed a bass-relief representing Columbia sitting a sorrowing mourner beside the bier of her dead sons. Across the frieze at a height of thirty feet from the ground will run this inscription: "Brave men: true patriots—loved of God and honored of all ages."

The scholastic front will have the same architectural character, but its ornamentation will be purely literary. The panel on the right will contain a bass-relief representing the re-awakening of the intellectual life after the Dark Ages, the beginning of our era, the subject chosen being an adaptation of the familiar picture of Friar Bacon, in cord and gown, in his grated cell, surrounded with the rude appliances of scientific research—retorts and crucibles, vellum manuscripts and parchment scrolls—half scientist, half magician. The subject of the other bass-relief will be wholly scientific. As the building will be as absolutely indestructible as marble and iron and the absence of wood can make it, a century hence it may prove a curious and instructive milestone down the pathway of the ages since Friar Bacon's day, and throw us back into the middle distance, should the twentieth century equal in fertility our own. Across the frieze, balancing the other, runs this inscription: "From good Books cometh Education, from popular Education true and abiding Liberty." In the interior a basement story, twelve feet high, well lighted and ventilated, affords room for twenty thousand volumes of the circulating library, together with working and waiting rooms.

The Memorial Hall will occupy the centre of the building, flanked by two wings, the one containing a thoroughly equipped study, the other a military museum or war-relic room. Around its walls to the height of six feet will run cases for the more valuable books of a reference library, to be used exclusively within the building. Above these cases the wall spaces will be prepared for the reception of military portraits, battle scenes, or other works of art which may be presented to it. The floor will be laid in a rich design of marble tile converging to the centre, to the distinguishing feature of this building, which makes it more complete as a memorial or monument than anything hitherto erected. This will be a pile of a military character, part altar, part trophy, upon which to place a record-book, which takes the place of the usual lettered tablet, only giving the name, company, regiment, date of death, and action in which each soldier fell. This book will be as imperishable as the stoutest vellum with metal binding can make it, and in it in indelible ink, giving to each dead soldier a full page, will be engrossed a short but full record of his service.

The last half of the book will contain a complete roster of all the men Rutland gave to the war, giving a third or a fourth of a page to each, with less of detail than to those killed in action.

THE OPENING OF THE BRIDGE.

Since the completion of the Croton Aqueduct, now forty years ago, there has been no dedication of a public work to the public uses so impressive and so important as the opening of the Brooklyn Bridge. To find another parallel we must go back twenty years further, to the opening of the Erie Canal. This was perhaps the most important event of the three, since the opening of the canal undoubtedly determined the metropolitan rank of the city which is now connected by the bridge with the greatest suburb of any city in the world, itself the third in rank among the cities of the United States.

The canal has been all but superseded as a channel of commerce, and desperate remedies have been invoked to prevent it from lapsing into the obsoleteness and oblivion of a dry and useless moat. The aqueduct, which its builders confidently expected to supply the needs of the city for many generations, has become inadequate during the lifetime of its engineer, and needs to be supplemented by another and ampler conduit. How long will it be before the great bridge that has just been dedicated is surpassed by another and another yet more capacious and more daring?

We can hardly avoid asking ourselves this question, so rapid and impetuous has been the progress of New York during the sixty years that have elapsed since the opening of the Erie Canal, even while we are congratulating each other upon the monumental achievement which seems so much like a triumphant finality. But the bridge, as a work of engineering, is so distinct an advance upon anything that has been done before in the same direction, and its influence will be so important upon the relations of the communities which it unites, that it is worthy of the great pageant with which it was opened to the public, and of the exultant oratory in which its completion was celebrated by Mr. Hewitt and Dr. Storrs. The completion of such a work justifies the most gorgeous rites which the simplicity of our civic organization can command. The official presence of the President, of the Governor of the State, of the dignitaries of the army and navy, and of a squadron of saluting men-of-war, in addition to whatever of pomp and circumstance could be given to the occasion by the militia, were all required by the intrinsic importance of the event they were to celebrate. The design of the bridge itself shows that as communities we have lost the power of conceiving poetically works and events of practical utility. If we had not, the visible union of New York and Brooklyn with links of steel would have demanded the most splendid ceremonial we could have devised. It is not likely that the "inauguration" of the bridge will ever attract a historical painter as a subject. And yet the union by a visible tie of the first and the third of American cities is intrinsically as noble a theme for art as the maritime power of Venice, the fantastic symbol of which, in the procession of the *Bucentaur*, generations of painters have delighted to celebrate.

There is always some mixture of tragedy in the memories of a great work that has been continued for many years. The bridge is not, like the Pyramids, a monument of the hopeless toil of thousands of men under the scourge of a sordid tyranny. The humblest laborer who helped to lay its foundations under the tide can walk its roadway as much its owner as any other. But the ancient superstition, which Professor Tyler has traced to its source, that a man must be buried under the pier of a bridge that the bridge may stand, has been illustrated more than once. The victims of the "caisson disease" have left their lives under these massive towers. The most illustrious of the sacrifices is that of the great engineer who designed the work, the crowning achievement of his laborious life. But scarcely less pathetic is the fortune of his son and successor, who was only permitted to participate in the ceremonies which celebrated the completion of the bridge as a distant spectator, instead of being the hero of the hour, and receiving in person the honors and gratulations he had earned. He has had only the view from Pisgah of the goal that has been reached after twelve weary years. The bridge is likely to outlast all traditions of the men who built it. But one of the most enduring of these traditions is likely to be the touching story of the successive masters of the work, the Roeblings, father and son.

"DAD'S GIRL."

Oh, the world is full o' fathers, an' full o' babies too;
An' there's mothers, dear, a plenty, though ne'er a one for you;
An' there's homes whar lots o' money makes livin' fine an' grand,
An' there's folks, too, as can choose from the best on sea or land.
It ain't much money, darlin', as stuffs *my* pockets out,
An' all the land I own you could roll a stone about.
But this little cot holds somethin' not every home may see:
It's holdin' daddy's girl, dear, an' that's enough for me.

Oh, my girl she is so bonny, so winsome, an' so fair,
With the sun forever dancin' an' glintin' through her hair;
An' her lips like two red cherries, an' the mother's eyes so blue,
With the look that was her mother's forever shinin' through;
Sure I'm thinkin', baby darlin', all the babies ever known
Can't beat her the mother left me to love and tend alone;
An' ef only she war in it—the wife who loved me so—
I wouldn't swap my home for the grandest one I know.

Ay! you're daddy's girl, my baby! he wants no other love
Till the good God bids him leave ye an' meet the wife above:
So we'll jest pull on together, my little 'un, an' see
How glad with love and sunshine our humble home may be.
True, from early dawn till evenin' there's work enough to do;
But a light heart makes light labor—that's easy puttin' through.
An' dad's dear girl is waitin' with her kisses soft an' sweet,
When the long day's work is over, an' she an' dad may meet.

THE COACHING CLUB.

"I can't for the life of me see what sport there is in driving a coach."

The speaker was an elderly man who stood at the edge of the throng in front of the Hotel Brunswick, when the New York Coaching Club started on its annual parade.

"When I was a boy—and a young one at that," he continued—"I lived up in Connecticut. That was before the days of railroads. I well remember the line of mail-coaches that then ran between New York and Boston. They used to pass through our village, and were like those coaches for all the world. Not quite so smart, perhaps, but very like 'em. Their arrival at the old tavern was a great event. More like work than play coaching is, though. It's time wasted. There can't be any sport in coaching." The old philosopher wagged his head wisely, and wandered on down Fifth Avenue to the Square.

No sport in coaching? Don't tell a coachman or one who has driven a coach that. He won't believe you, and may think you're crazy. Let the old gentleman quoted, or any who believes with him, mount the box of a handsome and heavy coach to which four spirited horses are attached. Let him crack his long whip over the heads of the leaders, if he can, to the music of the post-horn, as evoked by Fownes or some other "crack" guard. With the first plunge of the horses he will find that he has something besides boy's play on hand. He will find too, that, expert driver as he may have been, smart horses as he may have driven, he has in the finely bred horses in front of him something besides the hack team of a lumbering mail-coach to handle. Give the horses their heads, and there comes at once a rush of young blood that astonishes the sluggish fluid in his veins, and sets it coursing at unwonted speed. He braces himself more sturdily against the stanch foot-rest; he settles more squarely on his seat. As the leaders plunge forward, and the pole horses settle down to their work, and all seem to take a firmer hold on the bits, there comes along the lines a sort of electric thrill, and unconsciously he takes a firmer hold. Fingers tingle, muscles harden, respirations are deeper and fuller. Age says good-by for the nonce, and youth resumes once more its sway. The eye watches critically to detect every caprice of the blooded animals, restless in harness, and every nerve is at a high tension. A bit of paper blows across the road, and near the leaders. They swerve from their course, and as steady a hand is needed as is necessary at the helm when a sudden gust strikes the sails of the trim yacht, and makes every plank and every yard of rigging groan and almost beg to snap asunder. No sport? Let him try and crack the whip as accurately as does that pet of society, that favorite of the clubs, driving the coach ahead of him, so that the silken lash just touches the netted covering over the ear of a leader—touches it as lightly as does the fly cast by the expert fisherman just touch the water in the centre of that pool where the king of the trout stream lies warily. He'll find as much genuine pleasure in holding the ribbons then as does the fisherman in holding the line when the trout makes his lightning-like snap at the tempting fly. And the former must be as expert in a way as the latter to keep the respective game—may both be called—in hand. A ten-mile drive over Westchester County or Long Island roads will find the old man or the amateur coachman possessor of a healthfully tired body, a gourmand's appetite, and, if it be evening when the drive is concluded, a disposition for a fragrant after-dinner cigar and a sound night's rest. He will no more say there's no sport in coaching.

Coaching has come to be one of the most popular of sports among those who can afford it. It is not only healthful and invigorating, but a means of sociability beside which many of its rivals among sports—even yachting, with its (to ladies) ever possible dangers—can not be compared. There is a sense of safety while rolling over mother earth—no treachery there from winds or tides. That sense of security gives zest to the social spirit. The invigorating air, the beauties of the landscape, the countless "Washington's head-quarters" on every side, and the pictures of country life and country grotesque, are never-failing themes for wit or sentiment, suggestions for poetry or story. To be sure, the coaching enthusiast can not control the weather. Showers will come. But there are seats inside for the ladies. Your true coachman rather enjoys than regrets such an interruption. His great-coat, with prodigious buttons, always provided for such an emergency, is sufficient protection for him, and a race for a place of shelter, when thunder and lightning accompanies the storm and frightens the horses a bit, is a source of additional exhilaration to him; and a successful race under such circumstances forms a fruitful topic of conversation for many days to come.

To the average man or woman the annual Coaching Club parade is an event of the season. And well it may be. Sleek, high-spirited horses, mated or cross-mated, carefully groomed, handsomely harnessed; clean bulky-bodied coaches in white, cream, yellow, claret, or red, with running gear usually of some strongly contrasting color; guards well dressed, conscious of their importance, lusty of lung, and more or less noisy as to post-horn; gallants, each with *boutonnière* in his coat lapel, dressed and kidded in accord with fashion's latest dictates; ladies resplendent in costumes of the gayest and umbrellas of the brightest colors, vying with those of the flowers in their corsage bouquets, yet always in harmony—that is the picture, and some of its characteristics our artist has reproduced elsewhere. Who will say it is not a bright one, especially when color brings out the effects that can but illy be told in black and white as Harper's Weekly must tell it? A dozen coaches—a dozen pictures of life and beauty—whirling through the Park when spring has given life to the brown and barren lawn and trees of winter. Rushing horses, merry laughter, smiling faces, happy hearts. Such was the parade of the Coaching Club, and each participant in the day's sport felt under personal obligation to Colonel Delancey Kane for introducing the sport to Manhattan-Islanders. Colonel Jay, Colonel Kip, Frederic Bronson, Consul-General T. A. Havemeyer, and Consul Hugo Fritsch, of the Austrian government, G. R. Fearing, J. V. Parker, J. R. Roosevelt, F. A. Schermerhorn, F. K. Sturgis, August Belmont, Colonel Isaac H. Reed, Fairman Rogers, and others well known in social and business circles, own and drive their coaches, and find health and pleasure in the recreation. No sport in coaching? Why, then, its devotees among those whose means enable them to gratify every desire for pleasure?

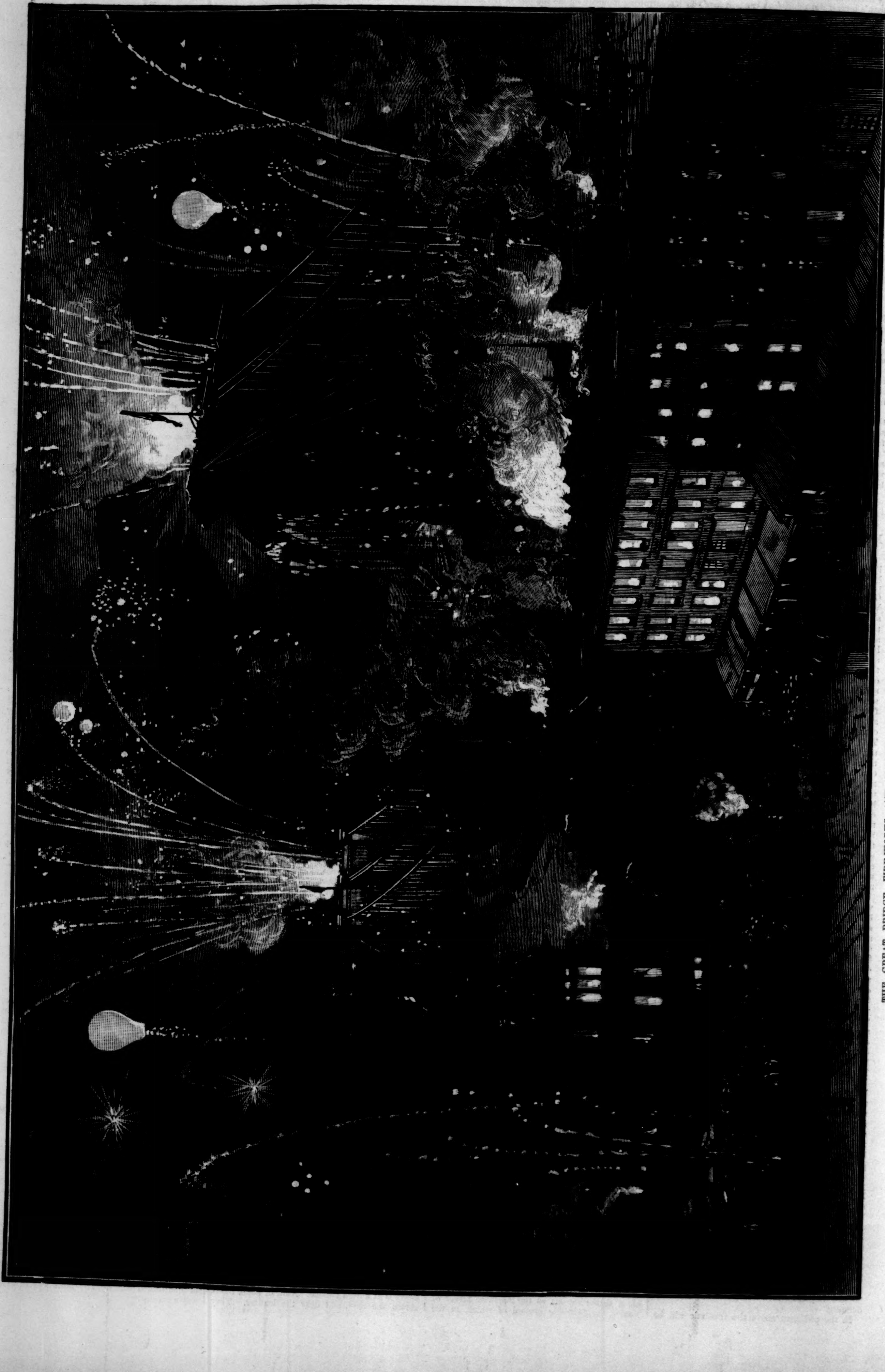
C. T. Bronson.

AN INDIAN DANCE.

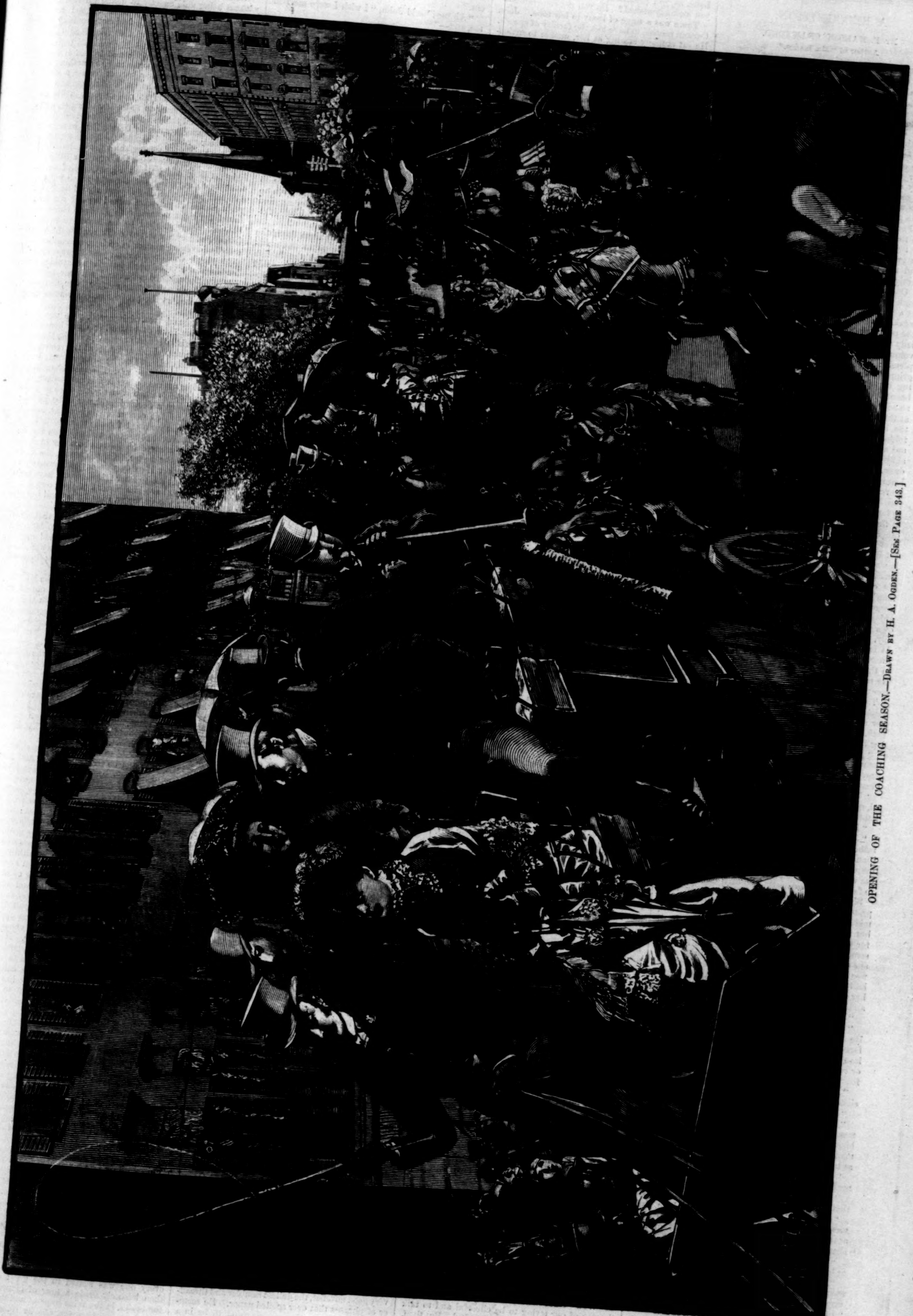
On page 340 we give an illustration of the war-dance celebrated by General Crook's Apache scouts at Willcox, Arizona Territory, the night before starting on the present expedition against the hostiles. The sketch was made on the spot by Mr. Harmer, an artist who is devoting himself assiduously to the delineation of Indian life and character.

THE WHEELMEN'S MEET.

On page 348 we present an illustration of the third annual meet of the League of American Wheelmen, one of the largest and most enthusiastic gatherings of the kind that has ever taken place in this country. Our picture shows a column of wheelmen on the Riverside Drive. The procession, led by the "pace-makers," followed by Commander Beckwith and his escort, consisted of four divisions, as follows: The first, under command of Mr. Fred. G. Bourne, was composed of clubs whose entire membership are League men; the second, under command of Captain Will. R. Pitman, contained several clubs only a part of whose members belong to the League; the third, under command of Mr. George R. Bidwell, consisted of non-League clubs; and the fourth, under command of Mr. S. T. Clark, of unattached riders. The meet was in every way a success.



THE GREAT BRIDGE—FIRE-WORKS AND ILLUMINATION, FROM THE BROOKLYN SIDE.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 343.]



OPENING OF THE COACHING SEASON.—Drawn by H. A. Ogden.—[See Page 343.]

A RECOGNITION.

By F. MARION CRAWFORD.

Author of "Mr. Isaacs."

John Curwen was never seasick. He had perhaps outgrown such weakness, for he was forty years old at the very least, and his gray hair made him look older. At all events, he had not missed a meal during the four or five days since the steamer had left New York. He did not look very healthy, like an Englishman, nor very dyspeptic, like some Americans. His hair was gray, his face rather pale, and his manner quiet. He was of middle height, neither stout nor thin, neither very broad nor very narrow. He dressed very quietly, read a great deal, and said he belonged to the legal profession. Altogether he was an unobtrusive and business-like passenger, who gave no trouble, and took none.

For four or five days he rose regularly, answered the regular summons to table, walked a mile or two on deck, read for several hours, smoked an evening cigar, and went to bed between nine and ten, apparently perfectly contented, or perfectly indifferent.

One morning he paused in his walk and leaned back against the bulwarks facing the deck, just as a steward was helping a lady, who seemed very weak, to reach her deck chair near the door of the companion. The weather was warm, but the lady was thickly veiled and wrapped in some soft voluminous garments that hid her figure completely; but her hands were ungloved as they gripped the arms of the chair in the act of seating herself. They were hands that had been beautiful once, and were still remarkable—long, slender hands, with delicate fingers turning back at the last joint, like those of some pianists; as the lady sank back wearily into the chair they folded themselves loosely on her lap. The steward arranged her pillows and her shawls not unskillfully. She motioned her thanks, and he withdrew. John Curwen stood looking at her, still leaning against the bulwark. In a few minutes he resumed his walk on the deck, passing and repassing the sick lady, and each time he came near to her he slackened his pace and looked intently at those hands of hers, that were unlike those of other women, and seemed to tell a tale. He tried to stifle what must have been his curiosity, and he sat for some time reading far away from her, but it was no use. The leaves of his book stuck together in the breeze, and the letters danced before his eyes, till he discovered that after half an hour's effort he had not read a word. The passengers came and went, and settled themselves to enjoy the balmy June day, each one in his or her own fashion; and John Curwen watched them idly, as though they were so many lay figures. At last a band of children, making merry over their recovery from seasickness, ran against him in their play, and roused him from his reverie. He rose and walked leisurely forward toward the companion.

The lady was still sitting there, her face still veiled, and her hands still bare. He stopped by her side and looked once more at the white fingers. Then he took off his hat, and stood holding it while he spoke.

"Madam," he said, "I must beg to be forgiven for my indiscretion. Are you or were you Miss Amy Anston, of New York, or am I mistaken? Pray forgive me—I will explain."

"That was my maiden name, sir," she answered, quietly. "May I ask how or when you have known me?"

"I am John Curwen."

"John—Curwen," she repeated, slowly, but rather as though she was completely surprised than as needing any effort of memory to recall the man to the name. Her hand quickly loosened the veil that hid her features, and they were face to face, looking earnestly into each other's eyes.

She was a woman who had probably been pretty in her youth, but who was rather plain in middle age. She was thin, and had a refined air; but the jaw was too long and the nose too small for the face; her eyes were blue and faded, and somewhat insignificant. She might be forty, or she might be more, scarcely less. At present she was very pale from sickness, and the anxious, half-fearful look of astonishment that came over her features made the nervous lines that time and care had traced painfully distinct.

"Is it really you?" she asked at last.

"Yes, it is really I. I am John Curwen." He sat down beside her, still looking into her face; and gradually, as he looked, there came into her eyes a little burning light, a faint color rose in her pale cheeks, and she turned away from him.

"After all these years," she murmured, and sighed.

"After all these years," he repeated, solemnly.

"How did you know me, John—Mr. Curwen, I mean?" There was something pathetic in the blush, as she caught herself pronouncing the man's Christian name. What could it matter, at her age?

"I knew you by your hands, Mrs. Hartley," he replied, smiling rather sadly.

"And you know I am married? Of course—that is natural."

"Natural? Yes, I suppose so," said John, and was silent. For some minutes he watched her, as though trying to realize the extent of the changes he saw in her face.

"Are you sorry we have met now?" he asked at last, in a subdued voice.

"Sorry? Oh no! I am not sorry," she answered, and paused as though to choose her words. "Mr. Curwen," she continued, presently, "I have always—that is, I have very often wished I could ask you a question—"

"Yes?" he said, interrogatively, as she hesitated. She turned her face toward him, and spoke quickly.

"Why did you not come to meet me in Brick Lane, as you promised, twenty years ago? Do you look astonished? Do you not remember—"

There was a tinge of irony in her tone. John Curwen seemed to have lost the faculty of speech. He sat stupidly staring at her, unable to articulate a word.

"Do you mean to say," she said, with trembling voice, "that you do not remember?"

"Is it possible that you went to the place and did not see me, and that I did not see you?" John asked, a vague horror beginning to creep over him. She looked incredulous.

"I waited for you so long," she said. "You might have come, even if you meant to break it off."

"But I did. I was there. I waited all the afternoon."

"Mr. Curwen," she answered, coldly, "it is not worth while for you to—to invent anything now. It is too late."

John's face became very white, and he trembled for a moment.

"Mrs. Hartley, I solemnly protest to you that I kept the engagement, and waited for you many hours. You never came, and I was obliged to leave New York that evening, as I had told you. I wrote to you from the South many times, until I saw in the papers the notice of your marriage with Mr. Hartley."

"But I was there too. How could I have missed you? There was not a soul in the road, and I was all alone." Mrs. Hartley was visibly in great excitement of mind, and her fingers twisted themselves tightly, so that the small blue veins stood out.

"Alone?" cried John, in great and genuine astonishment. "Alone, did you say? Why, Brick Lane is always crowded with people—it is quite a business thoroughfare! You must have gone somewhere else."

"Somewhere else?" she repeated, blankly. "I can not tell. The name was written on a board at the corner of a vacant lot. There were only one or two houses—"

"Good God! there must have been two Brick Lanes!" John Curwen buried his face in his hands, and Mrs. Hartley leaned back, whiter than death, and stared vacantly at the blue sea-line. Suddenly John looked up.

"And you never got my letters?"

"Never," answered she, in a weary, far-off voice. "They told me you had gone away, and had written to my father saying that in consideration of his violent opposition you renounced all pretensions to the marriage."

"What a lie!" said John, fiercely.

"Was it really untrue? Did you really write to me? Did you really still want to marry me?" Her voice was low and almost passionate.

"Indeed, indeed I did," was all he could say. There was no mistaking his look and tone: he was speaking the truth.

"Then it was all a dreadful mistake," she sighed, and once more rested her tired head among the pillows. She was so weak with sickness that the terrible shock had a tenfold force.

John Curwen sat by her side in deepest distress. He would have taken her hand in his had he dared, and he would have tried to comfort her. But he did not yet know what was in her heart, and he feared lest anything he might say or do should displease her.

He had been very much in love with her twenty years ago, and now he knew that he loved her still—this faded pretty woman, with her sweet sad face and beautiful hands. She was the same still to him; all the cruel years could not make her less lovely in his eyes than she had been when he had last seen her, not dreaming he should not see her again, marry her, and have her for his own always. He did not take any credit to himself for being faithful to the memory of his first love. Of course, as he said to himself when he thought of the matter, she had treated him very strangely and unkindly; but perhaps it was for the best. At all events, he was never afterward known to show any inclination to marry any one else, and his family and acquaintances had grown used to seeing him single. He sometimes wondered whether he would have been happier had he married Amy Anston all those years ago, and his heart said "yes," though his colder judgment said "no." But it never struck him that if he were to meet her again he would love her as he used to do, and he did not know that it was this love, deep down in his rather prosaic existence, that kept him from other women. And now, after living a great slice of his life without seeing her, and hardly hearing of her, he had suddenly met with her, and had a chance of testing what he felt. And more than this, the veil was dropped, and he saw clearly that his life's happiness had been wrecked on a vulgar mistake about a place of meeting, and the heating of his blood told him all he had lost. It is no wonder he was distressed.

"Mrs. Hartley," he said at last, very gently, as fearing to disturb her, "are you alone on board? I saw the steward helping you on deck."

"Yes; my husband could not leave his business. I have no children."

"Then at least I can be of some slight service to you," he said, and perhaps his face betrayed his pleasure.

"You are so kind. I have been so dreadfully seasick. This is the very first time I have been on deck. Is it not fortunate that we should have met?" she added, with a pitiful attempt at cheerfulness. But John did not answer immediately. He looked away.

"What is the use of trying?" he said after a while, as though speaking to himself.

"Trying what?" asked Mrs. Hartley, watching him.

"Well—I did not mean to say it—but what is the use of our trying to be cheerful and to talk like other people? It is very dreadful. But then, of course, you do not look at it quite as I do. You are married."

"Yes," she answered, still trying hard to speak cheerfully, "I am married, and so it is different."

"Ah me!" said John, "I wish I were married too, and—"

"Do not say that," interrupted poor Mrs. Hartley. "Do not say that—you do not know what you say."

John looked at her half fiercely, trying to read her thoughts.

"Are you happy, Mrs. Hartley?" he asked.

"Are you?" she returned.

"No; I am not a happy man. I am utterly miserable now. But tell me about yourself." His voice became gentle, and his face softened wonderfully as he moved nearer to her.

"What is there to tell?" said she. "Of course you want to know why I married? Yes. I am sure I do not know. Why do girls marry when they do not love? A great many of them do, and it is very wrong—so wrong that I hate to think of it. You see, I thought you had given up trying for me, and had gone away in disgust; and instead, it was all a cruel mistake." Her voice faltered, and they were both silent.

The stream of life moved by them down the deck and back again. All the papas and mammas, and the sunny daughters and the foolish sons, and the tribe of the little ones who would be pretty and foolish when their grown-up brothers and sisters were gray and wise—all the horde of passengers flitted past, and never even glanced at these two rather insignificant people seated side by side at the companion. Who should guess that the wreck of two lives could be so decent a thing?

But John Curwen was not a weak man, and he made a great effort to efface the sad impression of this meeting. He knew well enough that the case was hopeless. He could never marry her now. But it was something so unexpectedly happy to be with her, and to know that, after all, she had not thrown him over, that the pleasure got the better of the sorrow before the hour came when Mrs. Hartley went back to her state-room. She too felt the soothing influence, and recovering quickly from her temporary sickness, she breathed in the sweet warm sea air, and listened peacefully to the voice she had once loved so well. Little by little she found in the middle-aged man the traits she had delighted to admire in the boy who was to have been her husband. His quiet face warmed after twenty years to its old expression, and the tones of his voice melted back to youth's melody of cadence; his colorless eyes gathered the light into them, and all his sober nature was young again.

Whereunto shall true love be likened? Being human and of this world, there is yet nothing in the world to which it is germane, and so the scoffers have scoffed in all ages and times, saying there is no true love at all, and if there be any, show it to us that we may know it, and have all the good things you say it gives. And how shall they be answered? These are they also who say there is no soul, neither any life in a man save what he takes in the form of food. Man, they say, was not only a monkey in the beginning, but is also a monkey now of the higher shaved kind; and there is truly nothing in their speech to preclude a belief in his possible and present return to that simpler and more primitive state of monkeydom, which was bounded on the one side by instinct, and on the other by violence; on the one hand by natural selection, and on the other by cocoa-nuts. If they say that an astute discrimination in choosing the best kind of females is scientific true love, how shall they be answered? Verily they need no answer, for they shall perish in their own devices, and that will be answer enough.

When John Curwen was alone that evening, smoking his last cigar, and peering over the side of the ship at the white foam that broke from the wounded bosom of the sea, he found that he had a great many things to think of. It is not a light thing to see a life-long doubt suddenly explained away into a clear truth. It is a very grievous thing to feel that for twenty years one has wronged a woman while loving her; to retrace and live over the hours of sharp agony and dulling pain, and to know at the last that she has suffered too, and that it has all been a mistake. John Curwen found himself searching for each bitter thing he had ever said in his heart about her unkindness, and trying to take it all back and have it unsaid. And ever as he pondered her sad face came close to him in the dark, up from the deep sea, reproachfully and fondly, as he had seen it that day resting on the cushions of the deck chair. And if his thoughts strayed for a moment to some other channel, he came back each time with a fresh start of surprise to the realization of the new truth he had learned.

Accustomed as he was by his profession to doubt and to question, he asked himself if this were only a passing sentiment, resulting from the sudden revival of old influences, or whether, if Amy Hartley were now free again, he would really wish to marry her after all those intervening years. And when he had asked the question he was almost ashamed of it, for it seemed so absurd and so superfluous. It was perfectly true—he had never once dreamed it possible to marry any other woman. If she were really free— But then his heart sank again like a stone in his breast, and he stared down at the rushing water, and wished it would open and swallow up his grief. And then he laughed a little bitter scoff at his own folly, and went to bed.

Mrs. Hartley was tired with the effort of her first day on deck, but she was cured of her seasickness. She took a book, and made up her mind to read a little before going to sleep. But she thought the author, who was nevertheless a very good novelist, the dullest rambler and threader of phrases that ever spoiled paper. He seemed to her sharpened comprehension to be in a deplorable state of ignorance regarding human nature in general and love in particular, and before half an hour had passed she was reading her own life between his lines.

What a life! She had been very unhappy, without being able exactly to define wherein her unhappiness lay. Hartley was a good man enough, as men go, and she had not anything to complain of in particular. Her friends said she was discontented, and that her variable temper was the result of ill health; and indeed it had diverted her more than once to be something of an invalid. It gave her a sort of respite, a kind of impression that she might possibly die and be free at last. She had no real interest in life to rivet her attention or to rouse her energies, and the small social duties that her husband required of her became wearisome before they were half performed. She had aspirations of an undeveloped kind after something she vaguely described as "higher," but they took the form of a little religion, a little charity, and a good deal of sensitiveness to anything she thought at all vulgar. She had travelled, and she read a good deal, and perhaps she might have talked well if she had found the right persons with whom to converse, but she never seemed to be fortunate in her friends, and she was put down among the vast crowd of average women in society, whom intelligent people call upon once a year because their husbands are "able" men, but who are avoided by conversationalists, dandies, and amateur society geniuses, because they can neither listen, flirt, nor flatter as well as the professional woman of the world.

Her husband treated her well. He was perhaps rather fond of bestowing upon her small marks of his affection in public, and she thought he was coarse-grained, and desired the reputation of loving his wife. But he always treated her well, gave her money in reasonable abundance, indulged her whims when it was convenient, and went to his club when it was not. Once or twice he had shown a decided tendency to be jealous, and she had felt very much injured, as, indeed, she might, poor thing! for she was the last person in the world to bestow a thought on the uninteresting men of business whom her husband brought to the house. On the whole, she knew very well that Hartley was a good husband to her, and that most of her friends would have been very glad to have him instead of their own.

But she was unhappy, for all that, and her unhappiness was as incurable as the mistake she had made was past remedy. She knew that. But it had never been so clear as it was to-day; she had not been so sure of what she had missed until fate had at last brought John Curwen back to her, and thus defined the contrast between what was and what might have been.

Of course it was only a memory. The Mr. Curwen who had introduced himself was not an individual so gifted as to rouse a sudden tempest of passion in the bosom of the first woman he was pleased to address, however charming he might have been in his early youth. The seed thrust into the earth out of the light of the sun in the autumn lies chilled and frozen in the ground, cursing the angularities of its subterranean apartment. Then comes the spring and the sun again—a very different looking sun, in all probability, in his first dubious shining, and one that the seed would not so much regret leaving. But he is the sun all the same, and the seed knows him, and can not help growing if it would. That is very like the human heart.

Mrs. Hartley said to herself that it was only a memory, and must be treated as such, and forthwith the memory became a very present reality, and she thought of nothing but of her next meeting with John Curwen. All the gray, nervous, tiresome time was suddenly separated from the life before them and the life after them; and as the devil folded up poor Peter Schlemihl's shadow and packed it in his carpet-bag, so the genius of love rolled together those shadowy years of married solitude and dropped them stealthily over the ship's side into the sea, and the sea swallowed them up. Not but what conscience came and whispered certain exceedingly trite and unpleasant truths, with which we are all very familiar—conscience did its duty in that desultory and perfunctory manner which characterizes unprofitable servants. Conscience rarely has enough exercise to grow burly and aggressive. Besides, thought Mrs. Hartley, arguing backward, it is only a memory, and there is no harm in memories. Did not somebody write a book called the *Pleasures of Memory?* Yes, memory has great pleasures, thought she, and she went to sleep. Go you and do likewise, unless you would listen to a sad story.

Early the next morning John Curwen was on deck surveying the weather with an annoyed expression on his face that was new to him. He had been dreaming all night of a pleasant day spent together in the open air talking over old times. It would be so easy, now that the ice was broken. And behold, the weather was insufferably foggy and damp, the sun was nowhere visible, and the ship seemed to be sliding through greased cotton-wool. Still John hoped that after breakfast the fog would lift, and that it would be fine enough to sit on deck. Poor fellow, he had promised himself so much pleasure in taking the steward's place, in arranging Mrs. Hartley's chair and pillows, just where she would get the most warmth and the least glare of the sun. He was probably doomed to disappointment, and though he was not easily annoyed by anything, he ground his teeth and swore a little.

There was little chance that she would come to breakfast, for she had really been very seasick, and could hardly be expected to recover at a moment's notice. Nevertheless John waited till every one was seated in the great saloon, and then leisurely made a tour of inspection round the tables, in the faint hope of finding her. She had not come, however, and he reluctantly took his place, and went through the usual ordeal of a ship's breakfast.

But Mrs. Hartley woke in the morning with a supply of good conscience accumulated during the night. She had no intention of depriving herself of the pleasure of seeing John Curwen. Ah, no, how could she? It was so very sweet a thing to meet the old love again, and to know from his own lips that he had been faithful to her. She was sure he was not married, for he had said something about it; and if he had not married, it had been for her sake. Besides, what could it matter? It was only for the few remaining days of the voyage, and then she would never see him again. But she would certainly not show any haste to be with him that day. He would think she could not exist without him. Well, not exactly that, for John was not that sort of man. Nevertheless she would take a little longer in dressing than she would have done if there had been no John Curwen.

She looked into the mirror as she arranged her hair, and the half-light of the state-room helped her to be happy. Truly she was more able to bear the daylight this morning than she had been for many a long year. Seasickness is a passing ill with most people, and she had been fortunate in the manner of her cure. She looked pretty enough when she had twined a ribbon in her hair and adjusted the lace about her throat. But still she lingered awhile, and looked into the mirror, and took a book and read a little, and then looked again, for there was not light enough to read, the day being foggy, but she could see herself in the glass.

How glad she was that she had been seasick all the time, and had no acquaintances on board, saving the old lady with whom she meant to travel in Europe, and who never left her state-room during sea-voyages! She was such a tiresome old lady too! But her husband did not wish her to be altogether alone. They would meet in Liverpool, and meanwhile, now that she was well, she could go and inquire how the old lady was doing. Of course she would not be admitted, for the old lady was very hideous when she was not well, and belonged to a very high and glorious tribe of Knickerbockers, so that she had a reputation for stateliness to maintain. So the old lady would perhaps never know anything about John Curwen's meeting with Mrs. Hartley; not that it ought to be concealed, but the old lady had a vilely tenacious memory, and would doubtless remember the story of twenty years ago with lamentable accuracy of detail.

So it came to pass that between her toilet and her reflections it was twelve o'clock before Amy emerged from the sanctity of her state-room, and was immediately confronted with John Curwen. He had ascertained the position of her quarters, and was doggedly keeping watch. Mrs. Hartley blushed with pleasure at seeing him, and looked prettier than ever.

"How well you look! I am so very glad!" were the first words he spoke, and if he had planned the speech for hours it could not have been more wisely framed.

"Yes," said she, "I am much better. How do you do? Let us go on deck and breathe." John was in raptures. She looked like her old self once more, and he was human enough to attribute the change in some measure to her pleasure in his company.

"I am afraid it will be bad for you," he said, "it is so foggy."

"Is it? Well, we can go out for a little, just to breathe the air, and then—we can come in again," she added. She was going to say, "and then we can talk," but she thought it would be too much encouragement for the first day. However, she reflected that it was really the second day, after all. The end of it was that after half an hour they were comfortably ensconced on a transom in a corner of one of the saloons. John was talking very earnestly, and Mrs. Hartley was listening with downcast eyes and heightened color. One or two people passed them, and having noticed John's solitary habits during the voyage, looked twice at his companion, and went on. There was nothing about either of them that was in the least striking to the ordinary observer. Mrs. Hartley had certainly been pretty, and today she looked bright and well preserved: anybody would have said that.

"Do you know," said John, looking at her as she turned her eyes from him, "that you hurt me very much by saying such things?"

"I do not know what I can have said to hurt you," said she; and it was clear enough from the tone that she would not have hurt him for worlds.

"No," said John, thoughtfully, "I do not believe you meant it. You never knew me to tell a lie in the old days. Do you think I would tell one now? I suppose it is hard to believe that any man could lead the life I have led. It has been a very sober and quiet life, very professional and staid. But I have sometimes noticed in my clients how an idea has got hold of them very young, and has held them all their lives, and has brought them to queer results in the end. Excuse me if I am talking about myself, but to talk about myself is to talk about you."

"What is that you were saying about an idea lasting so long?" she asked, without noticing the latter part of his speech.

"Only this: I think that when a man suffers what I suffered in his early manhood, he is likely either to be a very oddly quiet person, or to go to the dogs altogether. Now ever since I got over the first shock I have always had an idea that some day we should meet, as we have met, almost by accident."

"But you might have met me hundreds of times if you had wished it," she objected.

"Yes, but not as we have met now. Just think, here we are, quite alone among these hundreds and hundreds of people. And we can say all we have to say without the least chance of interruption. If I had met you in society, we should never have had a moment's peace, and if I had come to see you, you would have been pouring tea, or ringing the bell for the servant every three minutes. I know just how it is, though I do not go out much."

"And now, instead, I have nothing to do but to listen to you, Mr. Curwen?"

"Exactly. No tea and no servants. I have always thought we should meet in some such way, and the idea has kept me straight. It made me feel that I should some day have to account to you for my life. And now after twenty years I am able to do it. In twenty years, Mrs. Hartley, I have never for one moment thought of uniting myself with any woman since I lost the woman I loved. It is a clean record, though I do not want any credit for it. How could a man who had loved you ever think of loving any one else?"

"Mr. Curwen, you really ought not to talk like that," said Mrs. Hartley.

"Why not? It was ever so long ago, and of course now that you are married I can not possibly make love to you." It was a simple speech, but it had the merit of the extremest novelty. Even good-hearted Amy Hartley knew that, and she looked kindly at him.

"You are so honest," she said. "I am sure I should like you." John looked surprised.

"You liked me once; I hope you do like me still," he answered; "and that there is no could, would, or should about it. But please—please do not talk as you did a little while ago, and say you think I ever loved any one else. I have had chances, you know," he continued, demurely—"plenty of them. It is not as though I were a hunchback, or an idiot, or poor. I am successful, as they call it, and I might have married very well. Do not laugh. I do not want any credit for not having married; I never thought of it. But I want you to do me the justice to believe that I have always loved you faithfully, as I love you now, with all my heart. You see I am not making love to you at all: it is a mere statement on oath."

"I am not sure," said Mrs. Hartley, with an attempt at a laugh. "If you say so I suppose I must believe you, and of course it would be no manner of use, you know. But I will do you justice, as you call it, and believe the other things you say, which are so much easier to believe." She leaned back, and her eyes grew dreamy.

"Try and believe it all," said John. There was a pause.

"After all," said Mrs. Hartley, dubiously, after a few moments' silence, "there is no reason why we should not always be very good friends."

"Oh no, there is no reason," he answered. "I think we can." In his honest heart he jumped at the idea of a beautiful, innocent friendship.

"That is," continued Mrs. Hartley, "if you will not talk any more as you have been talking today."

"Oh!" ejaculated John. "Why?"

"Because friendships of that kind are apt to turn out unexpectedly."

"Do you think so?" he asked. "It seems to me there is nothing else left for us but friendship. After all, when you think of all we have suffered, that is a great deal."

Amy Hartley's pretty face faded gradually, and seemed to lose its prettiness, growing weary and plain again. She was not disappointed at John Curwen's matter-of-fact views of the future, contrasting as they did with his ardent words of love. She was too honest herself to look upon any other arrangement as possible, but it seemed hard to accept it. It seemed a terrible thing to look forward to the kind of acquaintance that friendship meant to her as the only possible relation between herself and the man she loved. The past had been painful enough in a dull, negative way; but to plan a future in which she should be constantly meeting John Curwen just as she met a dozen other people who called themselves her friends was inexpressibly horrible. The color faded from her cheeks and the care marks all came out. John saw the change, and understood.

"How dreary life is!" said poor Mrs. Hartley, half aloud.

"Dreary is not strong enough to express it," said John. "I think many people, in our place, would say it was tragic. And yet I suppose there is nothing for it," he continued, soliloquizing aloud. "We must live through it somehow, and perhaps there will be something better hereafter. There must be some compensation for suffering so much. If one could only guess at what the next world will be like!"

"It would not much matter, so long as it was not like this," murmured Mrs. Hartley. "A very little difference would make it seem like heaven."

"The difference of one life," said John, almost in a whisper.

"Hush!" said she, and the color came back to her face.

"Amy"—he paused, half frightened at the sound of the old name. There was no answer. "Amy, if you were free now, would you marry me?"

There was a certain dignity in her as she answered him:

"Yes, Mr. Curwen, if I were free I would marry you." But John lost his head. His eyes flashed, and his pale face borrowed a faint color from hers.

"Oh, Amy, I do love you so!" he said, close to her ear. His voice sounded very differently now. It was no longer the matter-of-fact declaration of a quarter of an hour before. It was genuine love-making, and his hand, obedient to his voice, stole softly to her hands—only for a moment—then she started away from him.

"Oh, no! no! no!" she cried. "You must not—it is very, very wrong. I do not love you—no, I do not. I only could, if—" But the remainder of her speech was drowned in the noise of many rushing feet and crying voices overhead upon the deck.

The sound was so extraordinary and so loud that John sprang from his seat, certain that something was amiss. Mrs. Hartley instinctively stretched out her hand to hold him back.

"Do not leave me!" she cried; but before the words were out of her mouth John was thrown heavily back into his seat, and the whole great vessel lunged and shivered and reeled again beneath a tremendous blow. The ship resounded with the deafening shrieks of women and the hoarse cries of men. From every side people rushed from their cabins, from the saloons and passages, in frantic panic to reach the deck. Falling over each other in their haste, they passed John and Mrs. Hartley like a herd of frightened beasts, tearing each other in the struggle to be first, trampling each other under foot, uttering those strange sounds of fear and frenzy, never heard save in times of desperate and sudden death. At the same time a deep and ghastly sound, in horrid bass to the shrill human treble, welled and gurgled beneath it all; a gulping, heavy gurgle, as though some huge monster were struggling to swallow up the world.

John put his arms round Amy Hartley, and would have lifted her and carried her away with the stream of people. But she clung desperately to the cushions and the carved work of the seat.

"We have struck something," John cried to her through the din, "and perhaps we are sinking." Her face was dead-white, and there was a strange look in her eyes.

"I will not go," she said, in a tone that he rather understood than heard. Still he struggled to take her away, and still more fiercely she resisted. The people had all passed them, and they were alone with that deep roar of rushing water close to them.

"I will not go," she repeated. "Save yourself. Leave me." And she strove with all her strength to shake him from her.

"So be it!" said John, under his breath. "But I will not leave you now or ever." He fell back into his seat, his arms still around her, and his face still close to hers. "If it must be, dear, I will stay with you to the end." Then he was silent.

The ship moved strangely in her death-agony. One end seemed to plunge downward, slowly at first, and then more quickly, and the masses of water in her surged with tremendous force between the decks. Overcome with the extremity of the danger, John made one last desperate effort to drag Mrs. Hartley from the seat to which she clung. But it was too late. It had all happened in a moment. The ship was at an angle that made walking impossible, and John saw that there was no hope. The few seconds' delay caused by her mad resolution had put all chance of escape beyond reach.

In that awful moment the two lovers clung to each other in the terror of expectation. The woman had suffered most, and was the more ready to die.

"We shall be drowned together," said Amy, quite calmly. Her courage fired the sinking life in the man's breast. He wound his arms close about her, closer and closer, and his white lips were upon hers in the last sweet kiss. She did not push him away or struggle any more.

"Oh, Amy," he cried, forgetting everything in the joy of that close meeting, "Amy, Amy, how I love you! Love me too, just for this one moment. Make this dying together the sweetest thing in all our lives." His voice was wrought into an agony of passion and love and tenderness. Still she did not answer; she could not say it. But the color came for the last time to her poor faded cheek, and her arms were about him. She would be happy now; the gray time was over—no more weariness nor sadness of life-long parting. Still he pleaded, graced in the complete forgetfulness of death. "Ah, dear, you need not blush to tell me you love me now. See! we have only an instant more to live. Say it only once, beloved—only this last little once."

Then she drew him closer still, and kissed him. "I love you, John; I have loved you always—God knows how I have loved you always. I have no tears left now, only happiness. I love you now and forever."

"Forever, darling," cried John Curwen; and with a huge whirling force, like a hundred mill-races let loose, the heavy water broke into the cabin, and drowned them, still kissing each the other's lips.

Breast to breast, heart to heart, hand to hand, they went down to their death in the deep, to be at peace forever. It was quick and merciful and happy; for the report from the colliding ship said the vessel had sunk in five minutes from the time of striking.

The green ocean washes evenly over them by day and night, and by weeks and months and years, and we pray that their two souls that had so bravely struggled through the dismal tasks of life may be united in one common essence of love, to be together forever. They need no other heaven than each other's love.

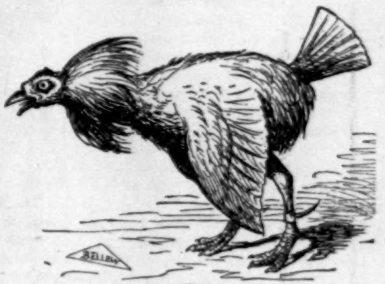
WAIFS AND STRAYS.

A Philadelphia daily paper explains that a "newspaper man" is one who has been writing editorials for eighteen or twenty years, and a "journalist" is one who has been a police reporter for about two weeks. A man who had grown gray in editorial work in this city was asked why he had himself put down in the directory as a printer. "Because there are so —— many editors," he replied.

An avant-coureur of the tornado which recently visited Kansas City is described thus: "The air suddenly grew cold. It is impossible to describe the weird and unnatural chill, save that it was icy, and lasted for some moments. Just then a gigantic cone-shaped cloud, the point toward the earth, appeared in the northwest. Those who noted the time saw that it was exactly 4.30. The cloud rushed into view so quickly that it was impossible to tell whether it was born of a conflict of the elements before the eye or came from some point beyond. Moving with inconceivable rapidity, and bounding like a ball, sometimes hundreds of feet above the earth and sometimes trailing upon it, the monster passed over Wyandotte, and paused at the bar opposite the mouth of the Kaw, where it sucked up tons of sand, completely changing its color from dark blue to a deep dun, then it zigzagged upward, bounded into mid-air, and disappeared."

Now that the great bridge is opened to the public, much will be heard of the inexplicable sensations of persons who will declare that when they looked down into the river they felt themselves almost irresistibly impelled to hurl themselves from the lofty span. The location of the promenade in the centre of the structure, and the presence of a numerous guard, will afford them an excuse for not acting thus rashly, and they will live to tell of the strange impulse. The writer of these lines walked across the slatted foot-bridge that was slung from the tops of the towers two hundred feet above the water, and, honor bright, he felt himself irresistibly impelled to hang on to the guide-wires and make his way across very cautiously. He can truthfully add that once, while looking down through a mile and a half of "thin air" from the basket of a balloon, a similar impulse to not throw himself out possessed him.

What could be more farcical than the close of a violent speech made by an Irishman at a meeting in this city, a few Sundays ago, against opening the East River Bridge on Queen Victoria's birthday? Snapping his fingers and making a gesture which told that he would offer no further resistance, he cried, "Let the farce go on!"



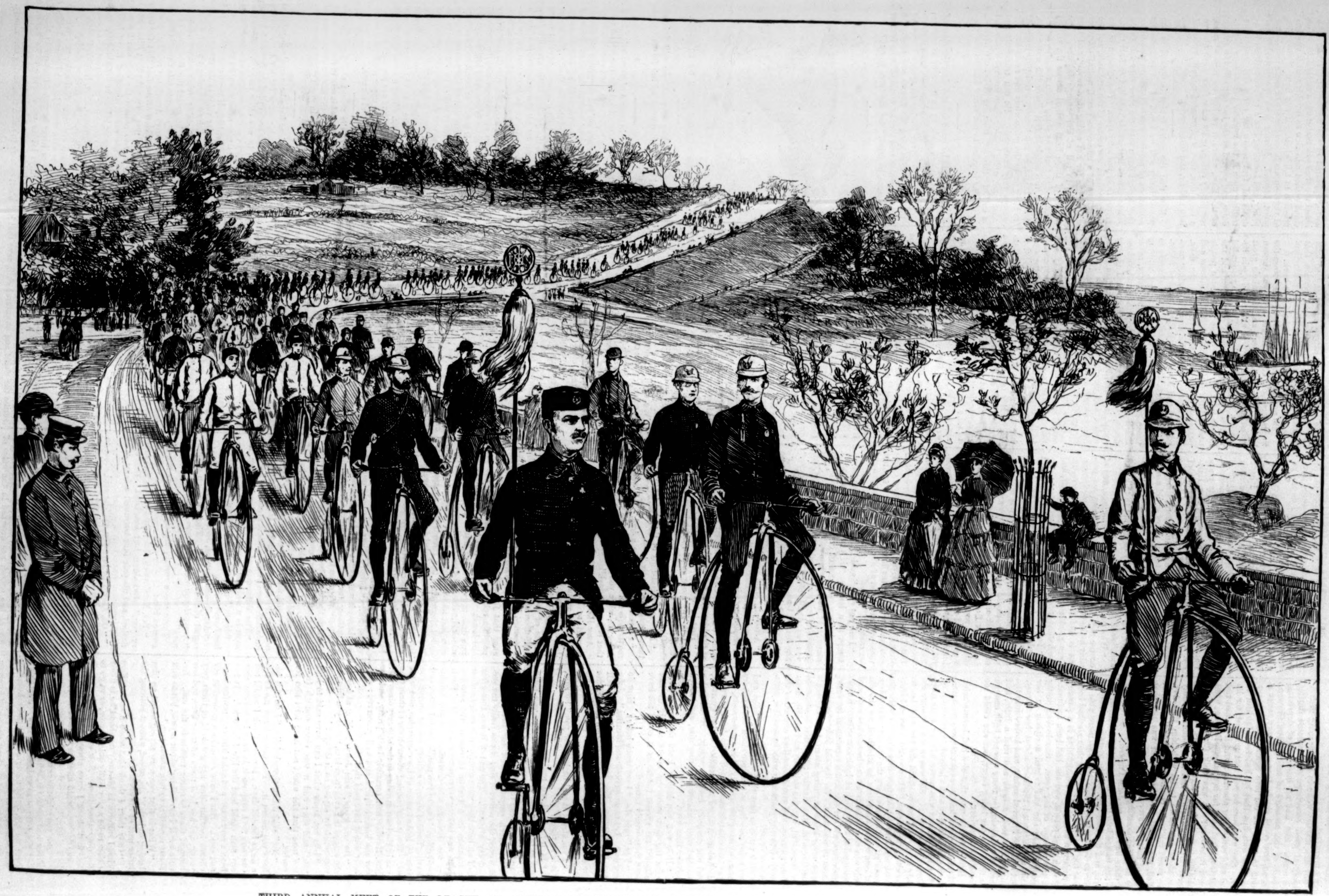
A ROOSTER GUERRE (RUSE DE GUERRE).

This season's May snow-storms will furnish material for the discourses of the future Oldest Inhabitant.

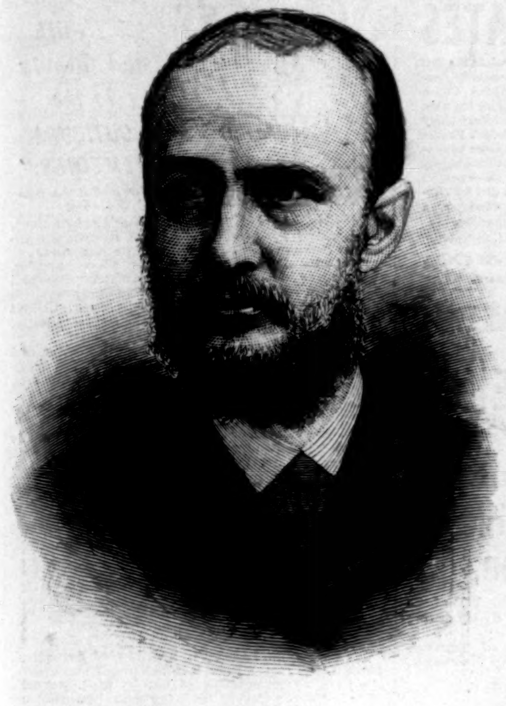
Foundations are in course of preparation for a fifteen-story apartment-house in the upper part of this city. The building is not to cover a large area, and there are no tall structures adjoining. It would seem to be beyond the possibilities of architecture to make the building look like anything but a sort of inhabitable shaft. The street on which it is to be built is some eighty feet above the sea-level, so the dwellers in the fifteenth story will be sure to get all the advantages which a sightly location offers. In the court to be surrounded by the large apartment-houses at Seventh Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street, now partly built, fifteen tiers of windows may be counted. The level of the court is one story lower than the sidewalk, so that it is fair to count only fourteen stories. The construction of the houses is such that there will be fewer stories on the sides fronting the streets than on those upon the court, and the appearance of great height will thus be avoided in a considerable degree. Apartment-houses with ten stories in the rear are becoming quite common in New York. They are made as nearly fire-proof as possible, and are provided with passenger elevators, and the upper stories are usually among the first to find tenants.

The opening of the season at Coney Island is different now from what it was in the days when it consisted chiefly of the advent of a brace of three-card monte men in green goggles on a Sunday morning in June.

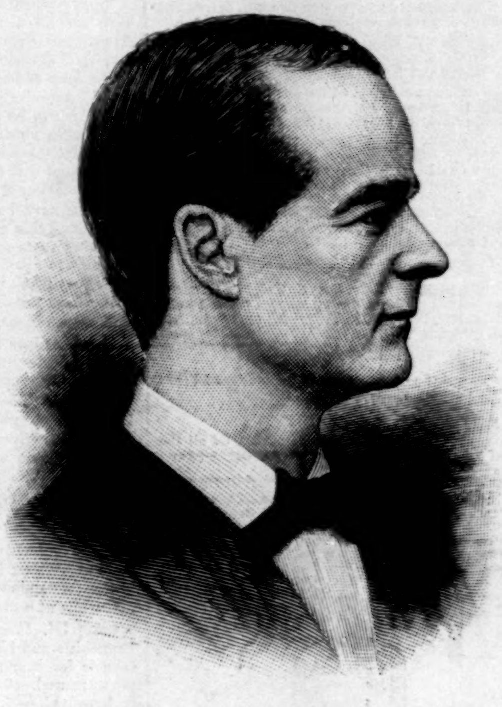
Many suggestions have been made in print as to the best popular name for the great bridge. The structure has been called the Brooklyn bridge oftener than by any other name, but since that city is to enjoy the greater share of whatever material benefits may arise from its use, Brooklyn will suffer no hardship if the name of the city is not given by popular voice to the structure. The *Sun* announces, without deeming it worth while to set forth the undeniably weighty reason, that the structure should be called the Roebling bridge. A very serious objection to this name is the fact that very few native Americans could pronounce it properly. In view of the fact that the bridge is the only one that spans the East River and is in a fair way to remain the only one for many years, why not call it the East River bridge? Nearly every great bridge in the world has in the course of years come into possession of a name in place of a designation, thus, London Bridge, Victoria Bridge, Suspension Bridge, Harlem Bridge. These names are more distinctive and far more euphonious than would be the London bridge or the Harlem River bridge. Perhaps in time the East River bridge would come to be known as East Bridge—not a bad name by any means, and short enough to suit a time-saving community.



THIRD ANNUAL MEET OF THE LEAGUE OF AMERICAN WHEELMEN—THE PARADE ON RIVERSIDE DRIVE.—Drawn by C. D. Weldon.—[See Page 343.]



CHARLES R. MILLER.—Photographed by Sarony.



ALEXANDER SULLIVAN.—Photographed by Copelin.

THREE JOURNALISTS.

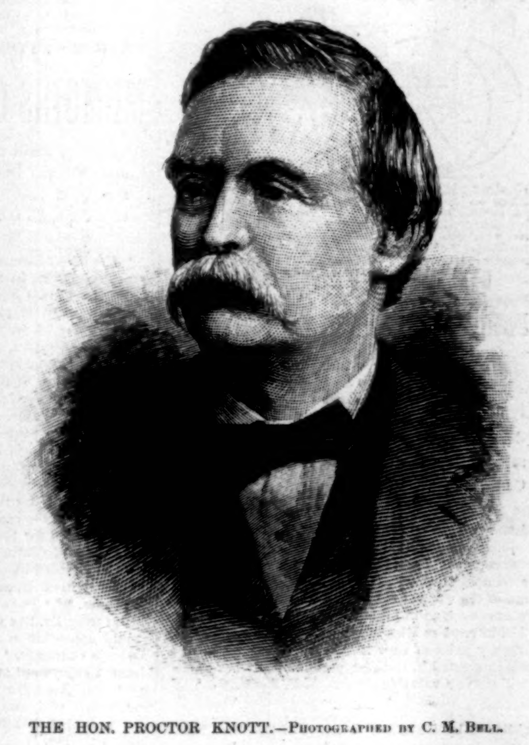
The retirement of Mr. John Foord from the position of editor-in-chief of the New York *Times* brought before the public a young journalist whose name had been but little known outside the craft. By brother journalists Mr. **Charles R. Miller** was most highly rated as a brilliant writer, a man of sound judgment, keen political insight, and unusual executive capacity; and when he was selected to succeed Mr. Foord, all who knew him predicted for him a brilliant career as manager of one of the foremost newspapers of the country. If we may judge by what he has accomplished during the short time he has occupied his present position, the predictions of his friends were not extravagant.

Mr. **Albert Pulitzer** and Mr. **Joseph Pulitzer**, the former the founder and editor of the *Morning Journal*, in this city, the latter the new proprietor and editor of the *World*, were widely known as successful journalists before their New York enterprises were undertaken. The *Journal* attained popularity with surprising rapidity, achieving a circulation of more than 50,000 copies daily within six months after the issue of its first number; and under the management of Mr. Joseph Pulitzer the *World*, after many vicissitudes of fortune, appears to have entered upon a new career of substantial prosperity.

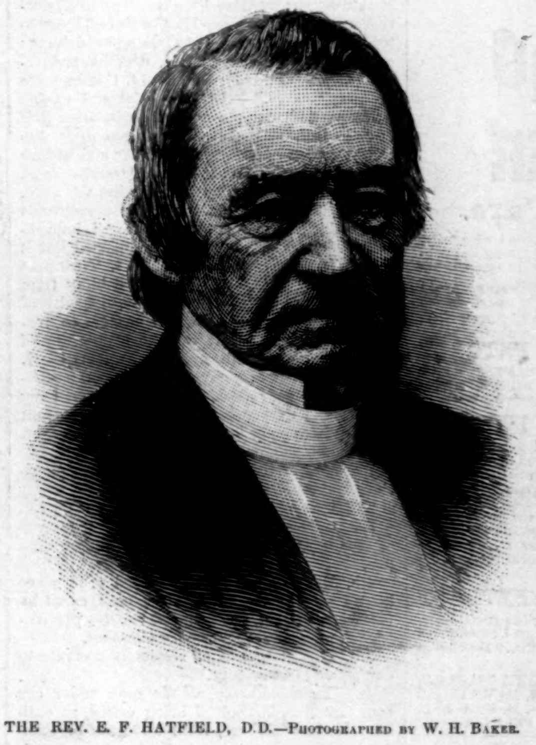
KENTUCKY POLITICS.

The recent three days' Convention of the Democrats at Louisville, Kentucky, resulted in the choice of the following ticket for State officers: for Governor, J. **Proctor Knott**, of Marion; for Lieutenant-Governor, J. R. **Hindman**, of Adair; for Attorney-General, P. W. **Hardin**, of Mercer; for Treasurer, **James W. Tate**, of Franklin; for Auditor, **Fayette Hewitt**, of Hardin; for Superintendent of Public Instruction, J. **Desha Pickett**, of Fayette; for Register of the Land Office, J. C. **Cecil**, of Pike.

The Hon. Mr. Knott, the nominee for Governor, was born near Lebanon, Kentucky, in 1830. After studying law he removed to Missouri in 1850, and was admitted to the bar in 1851. He was elected to the House of Representatives of Missouri in 1857, and resigned in August, 1859. The same month he was appointed Attorney-General of Missouri; was unanimously nominated for the same position by the Democratic Convention, and elected in August, 1862. In 1863 he returned to Kentucky, and commenced the practice of law in his native town. He was elected a member of the Fortieth, Forty-first, Forty-fourth, Forty-fifth, Forty-sixth, and Forty-seventh Congresses, but declined a nomination for the Forty-eighth. Among those who contested the nomination with Mr. Knott were General **Simon B. Buckner**, **Thomas L. Jones**, **Charles D. Jacob**, and M. H. **Owsley**. Mr. Jacob was withdrawn after the first ballot, followed by Mr. Owsley and General Buckner, and finally by Mr. Jones. The nomination was then made unanimous.



THE HON. PROCTOR KNOTT.—Photographed by C. M. Bell.



THE REV. E. F. HATFIELD, D.D.—Photographed by W. H. Baker.

DR. HATFIELD.

The Rev. E. F. **Hatfield**, D.D., Moderator of the Presbyterian Assembly which recently convened at Saratoga, was born in Elizabethtown, New Jersey, in 1807. He graduated at Middlebury College, Vermont, in 1829, and studied theology at the Andover Seminary, Massachusetts. His career as pastor of various churches in New Jersey and New York city was a most active and fruitful one. In 1863 he retired from pastoral work, owing to the failure of his health, and since that time has devoted his energies to other departments of clerical labor. He was active in securing the endowment of the Union Theological Seminary in New York, and is the author of several books.

ALEXANDER SULLIVAN.

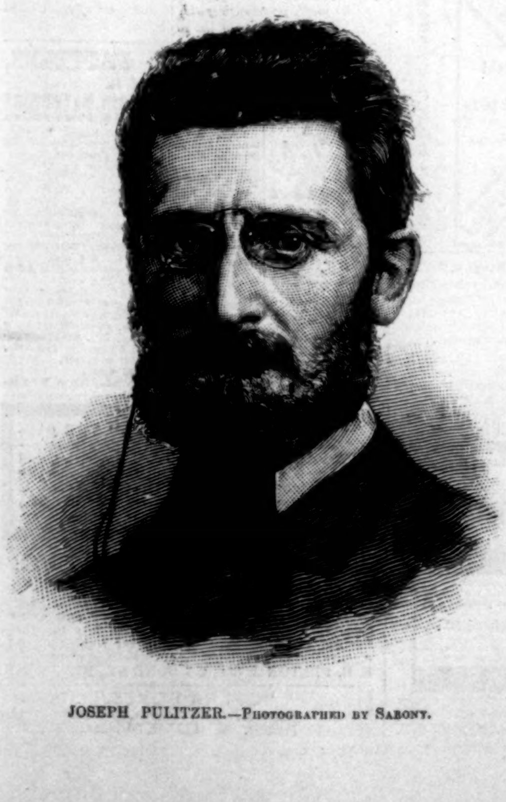
The President of the Irish National League of America is a gentleman about thirty-five years of age, and a native of Maine. He was an active abolitionist, and an earnest advocate of negro suffrage. Until 1872 he was a Republican, when, being a strong friend of Greeley, he supported the Liberal movement, and has since been a Democrat. He studied law with **Algernon S. Sullivan**, of New York, and has been for a number of years in successful practice in Chicago.

OLD CLOCKS.

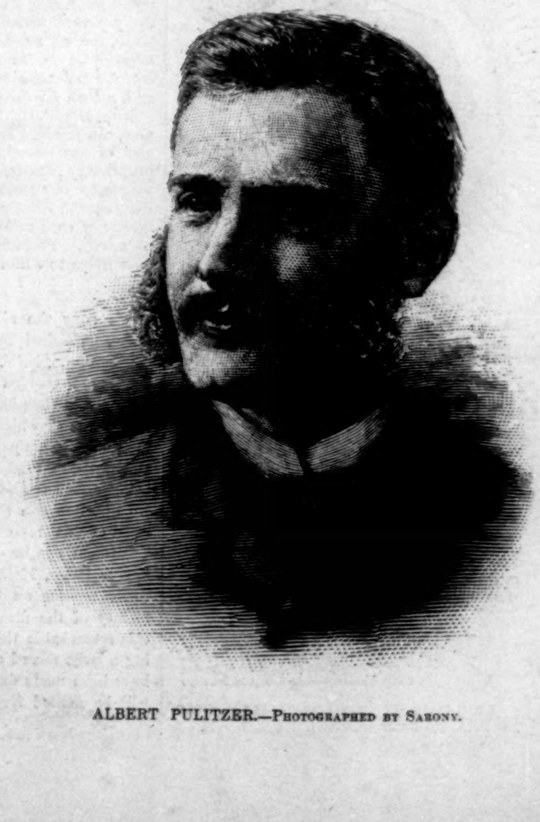
The domestic clocks divide themselves into two classes, those which go by weights, and those of which the motive power is a coiled spring, which was not applied till about 1500; and these spring clocks form the class of chamber and table clocks. The weight clocks, which the dealers are apt to call fifteenth-century clocks, are, in fact, the work of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. But there is something remarkable about them. They are peculiarly English; they are all made of brass, and precisely similar in form and design; and they seem to have been cast upon the world suddenly and early in the sixteenth century, and to have lasted unchanged for nearly two centuries.

All clock-makers at that time seem to have adopted the same pattern, and to have preserved it without any variation, and with similarity of form, mechanism, and ornament, as though they had worked to a regulation pattern. I can not help fancying that there may have been a large manufactory or brass foundry, in London or some other place, where the frames and bells were all cast, from which the clock-makers in London and all over the country were supplied with the various parts of clocks, which they fitted together, as they are from Clerkenwell and, I think, Coventry, at the present day; for it is difficult to understand how every country clock-maker should have cast, turned, and made his own brass frames and dials precisely similar to those of all the other clock-makers in London and all the provincial towns. And I am strongly disposed to think that the manufacture of clocks and clock-work was at that time—early in the sixteenth century—established at Clerkenwell, and that the country clock-makers were supplied from there; and thus Clerkenwell has continued to be the great manufactory for clocks to the present time.

This idea is, I think, somewhat borne out by the fact of the exact resemblance of so many of the perforated brass ornamental plates, above the dials and sides of these clocks, to conceal the bells, which form a cupola at the top. One common pattern has two dolphins with intertwined tails, another has a small square-shaped escutcheon in the centre, whilst a third has only pierced scroll-work. The front plate is often engraved, the side-pieces being plain. Some clocks have the name of the maker, the name of the town, and the date engraved on the front, and some on the dial.



JOSEPH PULITZER.—Photographed by Sarony.



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It should be observed—

1st. *Most* of these were cases in which physicians and other remedies *had failed.*

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Now, if the Baltimore *Methodist*, or *The Pioneer*, can produce from the records of any physician of any school, or from the history of any proprietary remedy, achievements equal to these, we proffer our columns for a like publicity; still the fact will remain, *that they have maligned this agency of cure without adequate investigation of its merits.* Prejudice and pre-judgments are as poor helps to editorial consistency as elsewhere in life.

We copy the above from *The Whispers of Peace*, published by Rev. S. H. Platt, A. M., at Southampton, N. Y. Mr. Platt has been using Compound Oxygen for some four years, and during that time has tested it in forty-one cases, the results of which he has voluntarily given to the public in his paper. Mr. Platt is well known among the Methodists, to which denomination he belongs, as a truth-loving and conscientious man. No question can therefore lie against the fairness of his report. The Compound Oxygen Treatment can be obtained only from Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1109 Girard Street, Philadelphia. Their treatise on Compound Oxygen, giving a history of the discovery, nature, and action of this remarkable therapeutic agent, and containing a large record of the surprising cures which have been made during the last thirteen years, will be mailed free to any one who will write for it.

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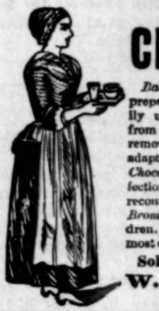

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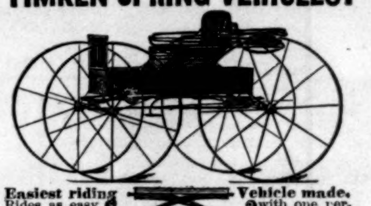

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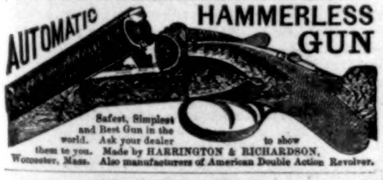

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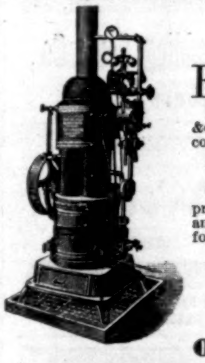

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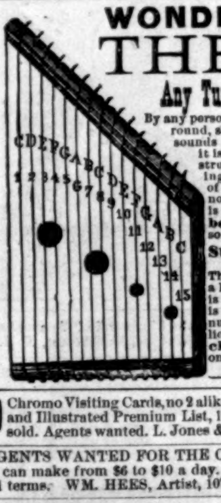

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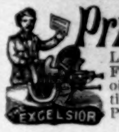

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